TRICK OR TREAT! SHE-DEVILS AND DELICIOUS EYE CANDY

PEEK INSIDE!

HUSTLER®

OCTOBER 2016

HARDCORE SINCE '74

MEET THE LITAS
GIRLS WHO LIVE & BREATHE MOTORCYCLES

NANCY REAGAN BJ QUEEN

COVER SUGAR
GEORGIA JONES

+
CAMERON DEE
EMILY PARKER
BRANDY
PHOENIX MARIE
CHRISTIE STEVENS
BRIDGETTE B.
TORI BLACK &
MASON MOORE

ERIK GRIFFIN
WORKAHOLICS' PASSIONATE COMIC

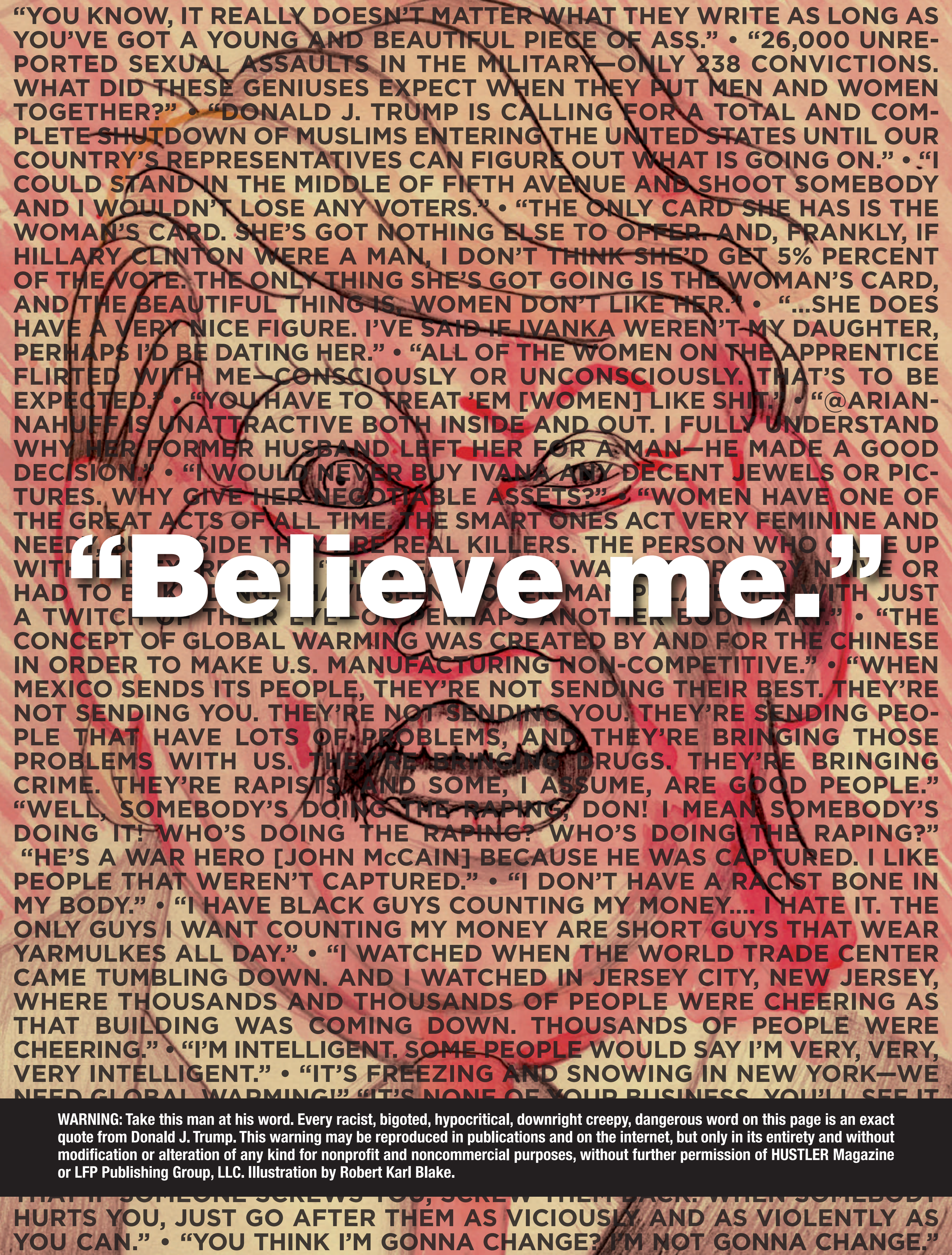
THE SEX FACTOR CONTEST WINNER
STRIPPED & SPREAD

HORNY BIKER BABES
THE PERFECT RIDE

DOMINATRIX MORRIGAN HEL
WORSHIP THE GODDESS

OCTOBER 2016 $10.99 CAN
11
0 74808 03751 3
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

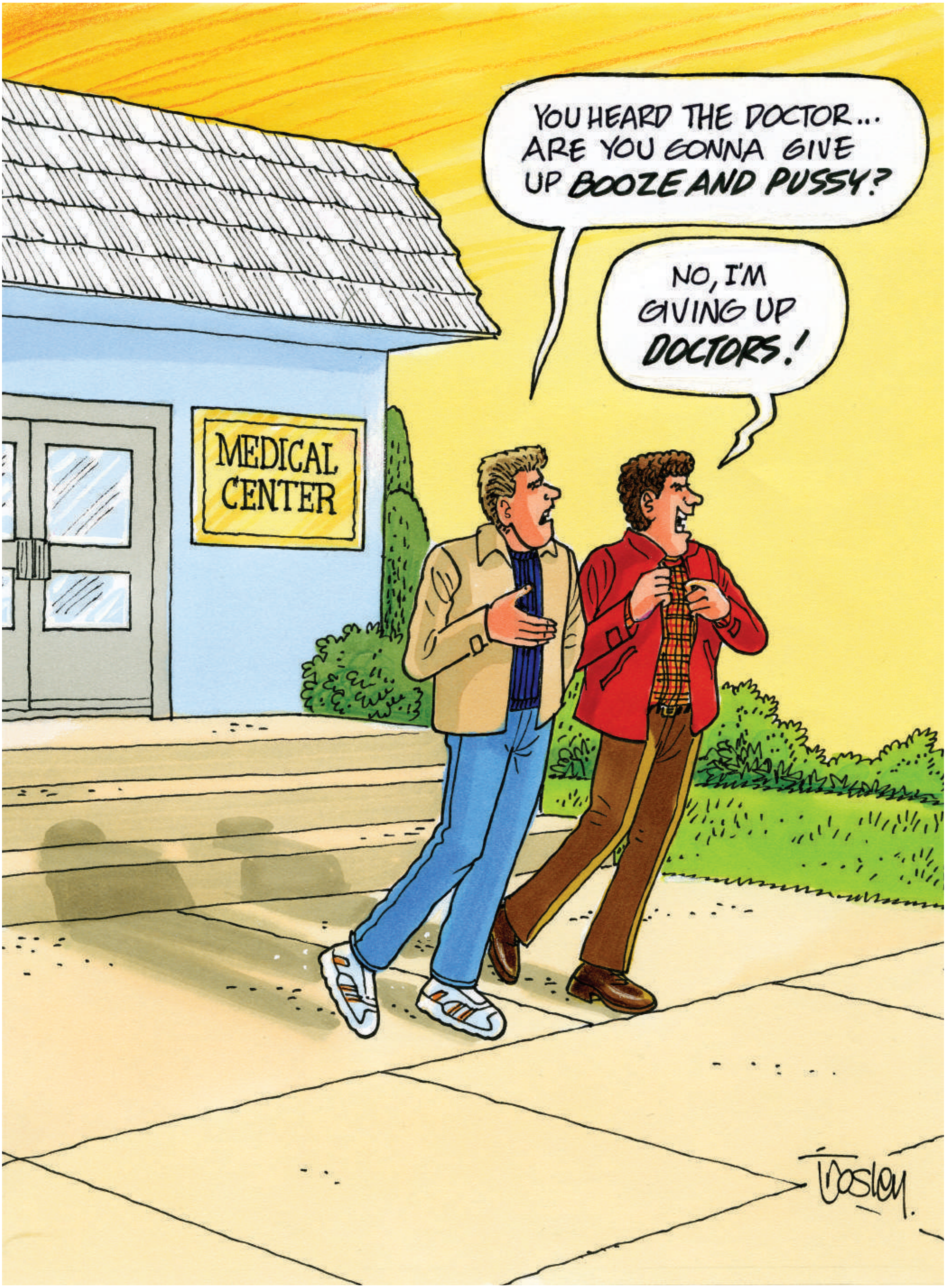


"Believe me."

"YOU KNOW, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER WHAT THEY WRITE AS LONG AS YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ASS." • "26,000 UNREPORTED SEXUAL ASSAULTS IN THE MILITARY—ONLY 238 CONVICTIONS. WHAT DID THESE GENIUSES EXPECT WHEN THEY PUT MEN AND WOMEN TOGETHER?" • "DONALD J. TRUMP IS CALLING FOR A TOTAL AND COMPLETE SHUTDOWN OF MUSLIMS ENTERING THE UNITED STATES UNTIL OUR COUNTRY'S REPRESENTATIVES CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT IS GOING ON." • "I COULD STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF FIFTH AVENUE AND SHOOT SOMEBODY AND I WOULDN'T LOSE ANY VOTERS." • "THE ONLY CARD SHE HAS IS THE WOMAN'S CARD. SHE'S GOT NOTHING ELSE TO OFFER. AND, FRANKLY, IF HILLARY CLINTON WERE A MAN, I DON'T THINK SHE'D GET 5% PERCENT OF THE VOTE. THE ONLY THING SHE'S GOT GOING IS THE WOMAN'S CARD, AND THE BEAUTIFUL THING IS, WOMEN DON'T LIKE HER." • "...SHE DOES HAVE A VERY NICE FIGURE. I'VE SAID IF IVANKA WEREN'T MY DAUGHTER, PERHAPS I'D BE DATING HER." • "ALL OF THE WOMEN ON THE APPRENTICE FLIRTED WITH ME—CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY. THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED." • "YOU HAVE TO TREAT 'EM [WOMEN] LIKE SHIT." • "@ARIANNAHUFF IS UNATTRACTIVE BOTH INSIDE AND OUT. I FULLY UNDERSTAND WHY HER FORMER HUSBAND LEFT HER FOR A MAN—HE MADE A GOOD DECISION." • "I WOULD NEVER BUY IVANA ANY DECENT JEWELS OR PICTURES. WHY GIVE HER NEGOTIABLE ASSETS?" • "WOMEN HAVE ONE OF THE GREAT ACTS OF ALL TIME. THE SMART ONES ACT VERY FEMININE AND NEEDY, BUT INSIDE THEY'RE REAL KILLERS. THE PERSON WHO CAME UP WITH THE EXPRESSION 'THE WEAKER SEX' WAS EITHER VERY NAIVE OR HAD TO BE KIDDING. I HAVE SEEN WOMEN MANIPULATE MEN WITH JUST A TWITCH OF THEIR EYE—OR PERHAPS ANOTHER BODY PART." • "THE CONCEPT OF GLOBAL WARMING WAS CREATED BY AND FOR THE CHINESE IN ORDER TO MAKE U.S. MANUFACTURING NON-COMPETITIVE." • "WHEN MEXICO SENDS ITS PEOPLE, THEY'RE NOT SENDING THEIR BEST. THEY'RE NOT SENDING YOU. THEY'RE NOT SENDING YOU. THEY'RE SENDING PEOPLE THAT HAVE LOTS OF PROBLEMS, AND THEY'RE BRINGING THOSE PROBLEMS WITH US. THEY'RE BRINGING DRUGS. THEY'RE BRINGING CRIME. THEY'RE RAPISTS. AND SOME, I ASSUME, ARE GOOD PEOPLE." "WELL, SOMEBODY'S DOING THE RAPING, DON! I MEAN, SOMEBODY'S DOING IT! WHO'S DOING THE RAPING? WHO'S DOING THE RAPING?" "HE'S A WAR HERO [JOHN McCAIN] BECAUSE HE WAS CAPTURED. I LIKE PEOPLE THAT WEREN'T CAPTURED." • "I DON'T HAVE A RACIST BONE IN MY BODY." • "I HAVE BLACK GUYS COUNTING MY MONEY.... I HATE IT. THE ONLY GUYS I WANT COUNTING MY MONEY ARE SHORT GUYS THAT WEAR YARMULKES ALL DAY." • "I WATCHED WHEN THE WORLD TRADE CENTER CAME TUMBLING DOWN. AND I WATCHED IN JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, WHERE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WERE CHEERING AS THAT BUILDING WAS COMING DOWN. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WERE CHEERING." • "I'M INTELLIGENT. SOME PEOPLE WOULD SAY I'M VERY, VERY, VERY INTELLIGENT." • "IT'S FREEZING AND SNOWING IN NEW YORK—WE NEED GLOBAL WARMING!" "IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. YOU'LL SEE IT

THAT IF SOMEONE SCREWS YOU, SCREW THEM BACK. WHEN SOMEBODY HURTS YOU, JUST GO AFTER THEM AS VICIOUSLY AND AS VIOLENTLY AS YOU CAN." • "YOU THINK I'M GONNA CHANGE? I'M NOT GONNA CHANGE."

WARNING: Take this man at his word. Every racist, bigoted, hypocritical, downright creepy, dangerous word on this page is an exact quote from Donald J. Trump. This warning may be reproduced in publications and on the internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC. Illustration by Robert Karl Blake.


YOU HEARD THE DOCTOR... ARE YOU GONNA GIVE UP BOOZE AND PUSSY?
NO, I'M GIVING UP DOCTORS!
MEDICAL CENTER
Dosley

OCTOBER 2016
Volume 43 Number 5
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER®

CONTENTS

20 **BRANDY**
Road Rules
Photography by Wilferd Guenthoer

38 **ALLIE EVE KNOX**
Sex Factor
Photography by
Holly Randall Productions

50 **EMILY PARKER**
Sweetheart
Photography by
Larry Flynt Productions

60 **GEORGIA JONES**
Unmasked
Photography by Tammy Sands

86 **CAMERON DEE**
Bombshell
Photography by
Larry Flynt Productions

128 **SAMANTHA: DEVIL WOMAN**
Classic Photography by
Matti Klatt

30 **MEET THE LITAS**
Clocking thousands of miles on their bikes, members of this all-female Los Angeles motorcycle group talk freely about the joys of lane splitting, riding with your girls and going 80 miles an hour with a hunk of metal between your legs. Article by Mish Barber-Way. Photography by Mandy-Lyn.

46 **HEL ON HEELS**
World-class dominatrix, fetish model and fire dancer, Morrigan Hel explains why in her work, there's no such thing as a typical BDSM session. Interview by Scott Fayner. Photography by MurderMile.com.

74 **ERIK GRIFFIN: WORKAHOLIC**
Straight from the Comedy Central hit *Workaholics*, the actor who made irascible office drone Montez a household name shares everything he knows about Fat Jesus and 20-year-old pussy. Interview by Lee Keeler. Photography by Norris Smith.

104 **HORNY BIKER BABES**
Watch these beauties pursue the perfect ride. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
9 ROBERT SCHEER
11 BRAD FRIEDMAN
13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
14 BITS & PIECES
72 HUSTLER HUMOR
80 HARDCORE SHOWCASE
94 BEAVER HUNT
136 COMING SOON

Larry Flynt

MASTERS OF DISASTER: GOP GOVERNORS

In 2010 Republican Sam Brownback rode a Tea Party wave into the Kansas governor's mansion, announcing, "My focus is to create a red-state model that allows the Republican ticket to say, 'See, we've got a different way, and it works.'"

With Republicans dominating the legislature, Brownback passed massive tax breaks for the wealthy, eliminated all income taxes on more than 100,000 businesses, privatized Medicaid delivery, slashed the education budget to the bone and abolished four state agencies. He promised that all of this would create jobs and actually raise state revenues. Just the opposite has happened: The state budget is drowning in red ink, while job growth has lagged behind all neighboring states and the national average. In 2015 six school districts were actually forced to close early for lack of funds. Healthcare and human services have been decimated.

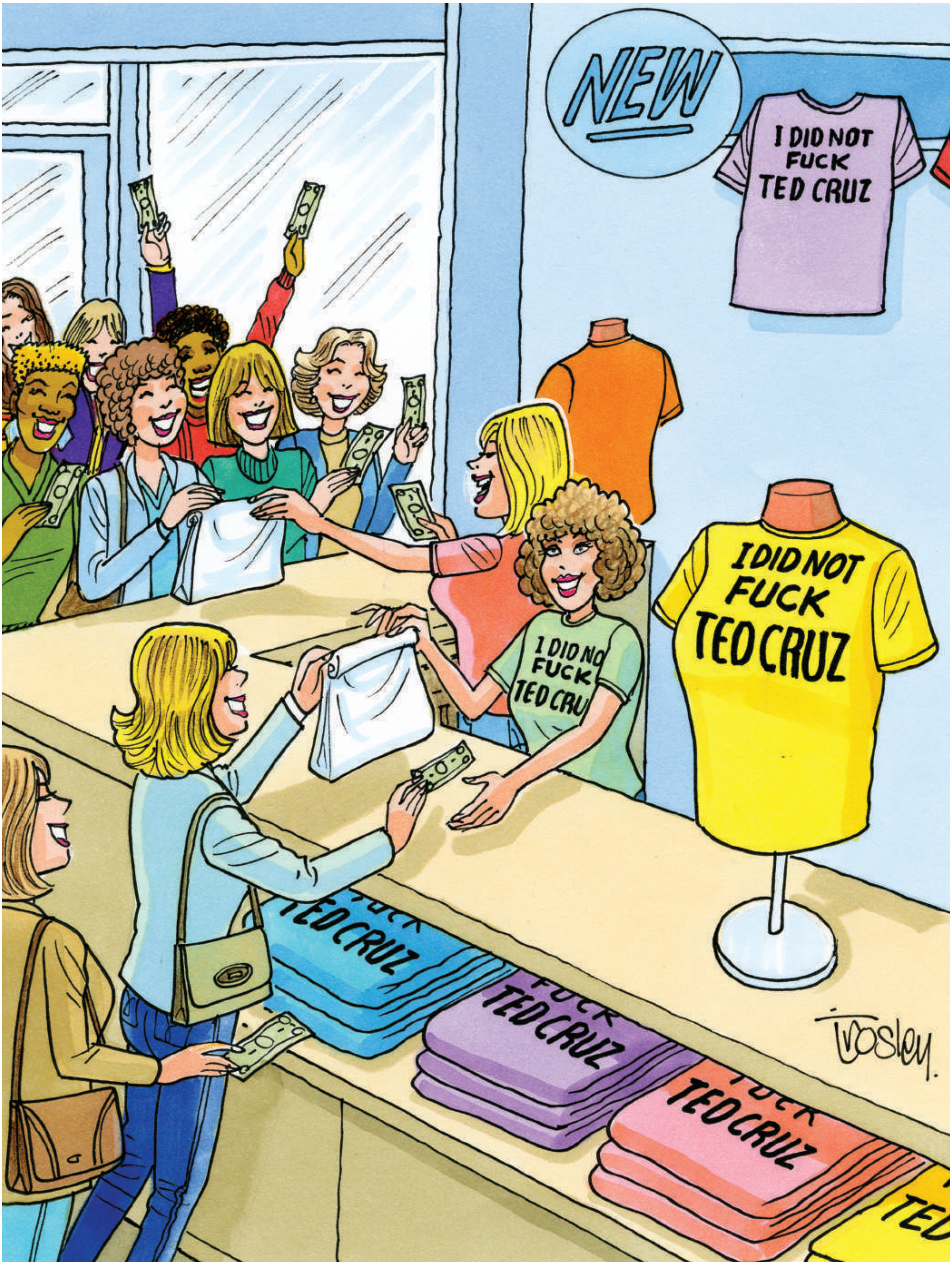
GOP Governor Bobby Jindal has accomplished the same "miracle" in Louisiana. He passed the largest tax cuts in state history, blowing an $800-million hole in the budget, which was made up by cutting funding for education, social programs and hospitals and by borrowing. Now the Department of Children and Family Services can't investigate all cases of child abuse, and the state can't provide public defenders for poor people charged with a crime. So more innocent children will be beaten and killed, sick people will die for lack of healthcare, and innocent men will go to prison for lack of adequate legal defense—all so Louisiana's high rollers can afford more yachts and vacation homes.

By any humane standard, these red-state experiments in voodoo economics have been a disaster. Yet Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell loves it: "This is exactly the sort of thing we want to do here, in Washington, but can't, at least for now," he said. *Damn the evidence! Full speed ahead into that iceberg!* While Republicans rail against the federal government and want to shrink it, nonpartisan studies have shown that red states are heavily dependent on federal programs to make up their deficits, while some blue states receive only 20 to 40 cents return on every federal tax dollar they contribute. In other words, the blue states are subsidizing these GOP leeches.

We cannot allow blind, faith-based ideologues to assume national power in November, force-feed us this economic snake oil and run the whole country into the ground like Kansas and Louisiana. Even more important than the Presidential campaign are the offices in your state and local governments. So do *not* go fishing on election day!

Larry Flynt

Larry Flynt
Publisher


NEW
I DID NOT FUCK TED CRUZ
I DID NOT FUCK TED CRUZ
I DID NO FUCK TED CRU
FUCK TED CRUZ
FUCK TED CRUZ
FUCK TED CRUZ
TED CRUZ
TE
Tvosley.

"Every woman wants one!"

OUTED AGAIN

A MENACE TO EVERYONE'S PRIVACY FUNDS AN EPIC BATTLE AGAINST FREE SPEECH.

Hulk Hogan's toughest bout didn't take place in the ring. It was a high-stakes legal fight that began in 2012 when the former wrestling champ filed an invasion-of-privacy lawsuit against Gawker Media for posting a video of him having sex with a friend's wife. In March 2016 a Florida jury awarded Hogan, whose real name is Terry Bollea, $55 million for economic injuries, $60 million for emotional distress and $25 million in punitive damages.

The verdict was a huge victory for media-besieged celebrities, as public figures are afforded a lower standard of privacy protection than those not in the limelight. But it was a depressing defeat for First Amendment supporters concerned about the intimidating impact of expensive litigation on press freedom.

Even if Gawker ultimately prevails in reversing or drastically reducing the judgment, the immense legal costs could end up bankrupting the online company. It is not clear how much Hogan would receive if Gawker bites the dust or is sold.

When all is said and done, a financially rewarding outcome may not be in the offing for Hogan or Gawker. But that's not the reason most celebrities are hesitant to challenge the media with an invasion-of-privacy lawsuit. They risk opening themselves up to even greater scrutiny.

That didn't stop Hogan, who was actually tag-teaming Gawker. Behind the scenes was a "celebrity" with his own grievance against the company. In May 2016 *The New York Times* disclosed that Hogan's secret benefactor was Silicon Valley tech titan Peter Thiel, an early Facebook investor and cofounder of PayPal. Thiel, who admitted he has been "supporting other people who have been harmed by Gawker," was outed by its now-defunct *Valleywag* blog in 2007.

By covertly forking over "roughly" $10 million to help underwrite Hogan's lawsuit, as the *Times* reported, Thiel fulfilled twin goals: He could seek to shut down Gawker *and* not expose himself to the far-ranging inquiry into his personal and professional lives that would likely have ensued if he had accused the company of impugning his own reputation.

Thiel told the *Times* that his motive was "less about revenge and more about specific deterrence" because Gawker's reporting of private affairs was "very painful and paralyzing for people who were targeted."

Fair enough. A battle line has been drawn between the right of individuals to privacy and the public's right to be informed through a free press. On that note, *The New York Times* report about Thiel's role in the Hogan lawsuit included a lengthy list of his business ventures. "He also cofounded the secretive data-crunching start-up Palantir [Technologies]," the *Times* elaborated. What was odd was its failure to mention the billionaire's connection with the CIA in creating Palantir, which has been invading people's privacy on a historically outrageous level.

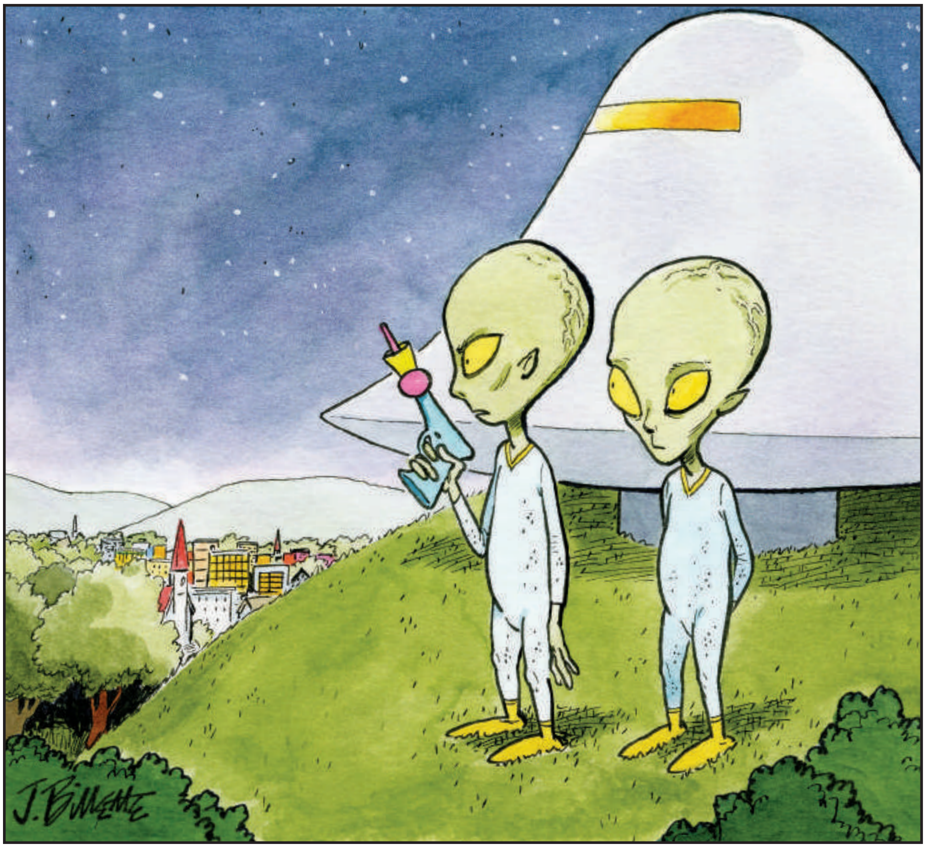
The *Times* did not point out that Thiel cofounded the software company in 2004 with, among others, In-Q-Tel—a CIA venture arm—and that the spy agency was Palantir's only customer for the first three years of operation. Meanwhile, Palantir was using private information gathered by the CIA to fine-tune its data-analyzing technology.

Palantir has now extended its client base to include all 16 of the U.S. government's intelligence agencies, as well as the police departments of Los Angeles, New York City and many other jurisdictions. How that massive access to private information is used to monitor or intimidate people in this country and worldwide obviously raises far more serious questions about the protection of privacy than anything Gawker or other media entities might be doing.

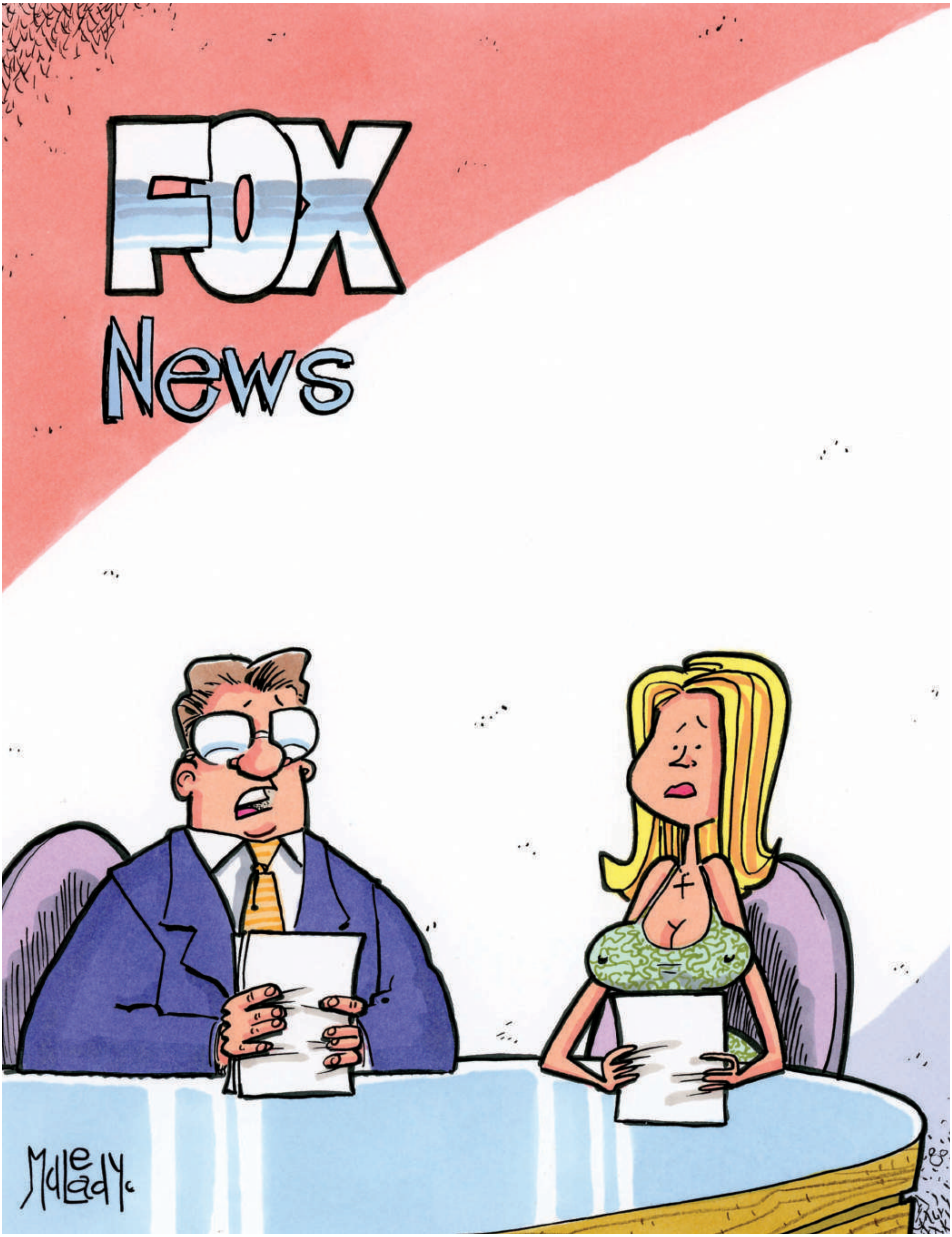
Well before the advent of the intrusive powers of the internet, we knew that the FBI—one of the agencies currently serviced by Palantir—attempted at the highest level of the agency to destroy civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King. We now know that the CIA, relying on information mined by Palantir, targets individuals throughout the world for drone attacks and black-op assassinations.

None of this seems to bother Peter Thiel, the self-professed libertarian and committed Donald Trump delegate to the Republican National Convention, as a threat to freedom compared to the "menace" of Gawker's posting of Hulk Hogan's sex tape.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"I've grown fond of the USA, but I fear these frustrated Americans could make a terrible mistake. We need to abduct Donald Trump!"


FOX
News
McLeady

"We created the Sarah Palin clusterfuck and the Donald Trump Armageddon. When will we ever fucking learn?"

BRAINWASHING AMERICA

YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

Hillary Clinton first warned us about a “vast right-wing conspiracy” during the Presidency of her husband, Bill Clinton. So did Larry Flynt. For decades the Right has spent (and made) billions creating its own media, think tanks and universities, as well as its own reality and facts. More insidiously, right-wingers have also bought up our publicly owned airwaves to dupe the masses.

Jen Senko’s World War II veteran father was a victim of such brainwashing. Frank Senko had been a lifelong Democrat who loved everyone. Then he began listening to Rush Limbaugh and forwarding all those emails about “card-carrying liberals” who want to take away our guns and hope to see the country overrun by “illegals” and African Americans. The “lefties” would commit voter fraud, criminalize Republicanism and force everyone into FEMA camps, where they’d be forced to have abortions and get gay-married. Hell, Frank was led to believe, these were the “real” stories that the “liberal media” was refusing to tell. And of course they were all true because, goddammit, Fox News said so!

Frank didn’t just suddenly disagree with his daughter’s politics; he became incensed whenever anything political came up. As Jen Senko details in her documentary *The Brainwashing of My Dad*, she first noticed her father’s transformation while home for a visit some years ago. They were driving past a Hooters restaurant, and Frank said “he was really pissed off that some Feminazis” were troubled by it. When Jen said she understood their concerns, Frank became even angrier. “He threatened to pull the car over and let me hitchhike home.”

He was no longer the father she knew. “In the ’80s, after my dad discovered talk radio during a long commute to work, he suddenly didn’t like black people, poor people, gay people, Hispanics, feminists and especially Democrats. After he discovered Fox News, they became the enemy.”

Sound familiar? Got someone like that in your family? It’s by design, although the Right’s ploy to control the flow of information took decades to become a well-oiled machine. Way back when Richard Nixon was President, his communications adviser, Roger Ailes, urged the creation of a Republican news outlet to counter the “liberal media agenda.” In 1996 that dream became a reality—and a national nightmare—when Ailes started the “fair and balanced” Fox News Channel.

“When I was growing up, Republicans and Democrats, you know, you had barbecues together,” Jen Senko told me. “Then, all of a sudden, [Republicans] were hating Democrats—anything Democratic. Just doing whatever they could to try and make you realize you’re evil for being a Democrat. It wasn’t just about disagreeing.”

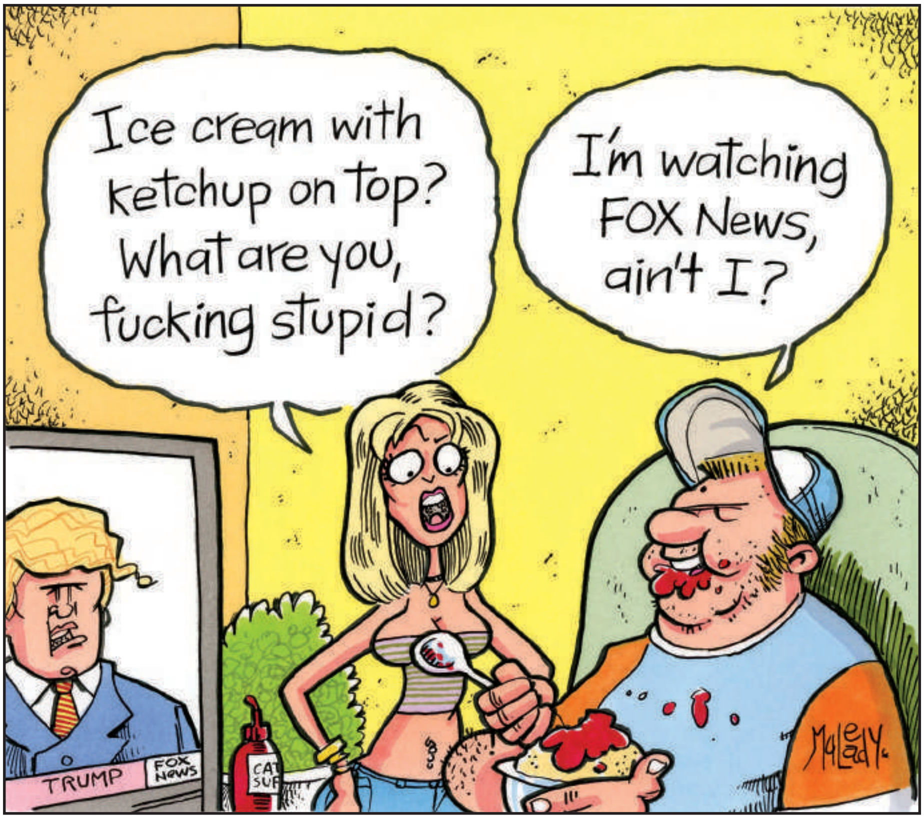
Speaking of her father, Senko said, “I very slowly came to believe that yes, he was brainwashed.” During a Kickstarter campaign to fund the film about her dad falling down the wing nut rabbit hole, Senko was flooded with people’s stories about “someone they knew becoming enraged” and basically intolerable and unreachable after watching or listening to right-wing bloviators. “People just started writing me every day…heartbreaking stories about so-and-so in their family wouldn’t speak to them anymore, or they couldn’t talk about anything without them getting angry.… It was really shocking. That’s when I realized what a phenomenon it was.”

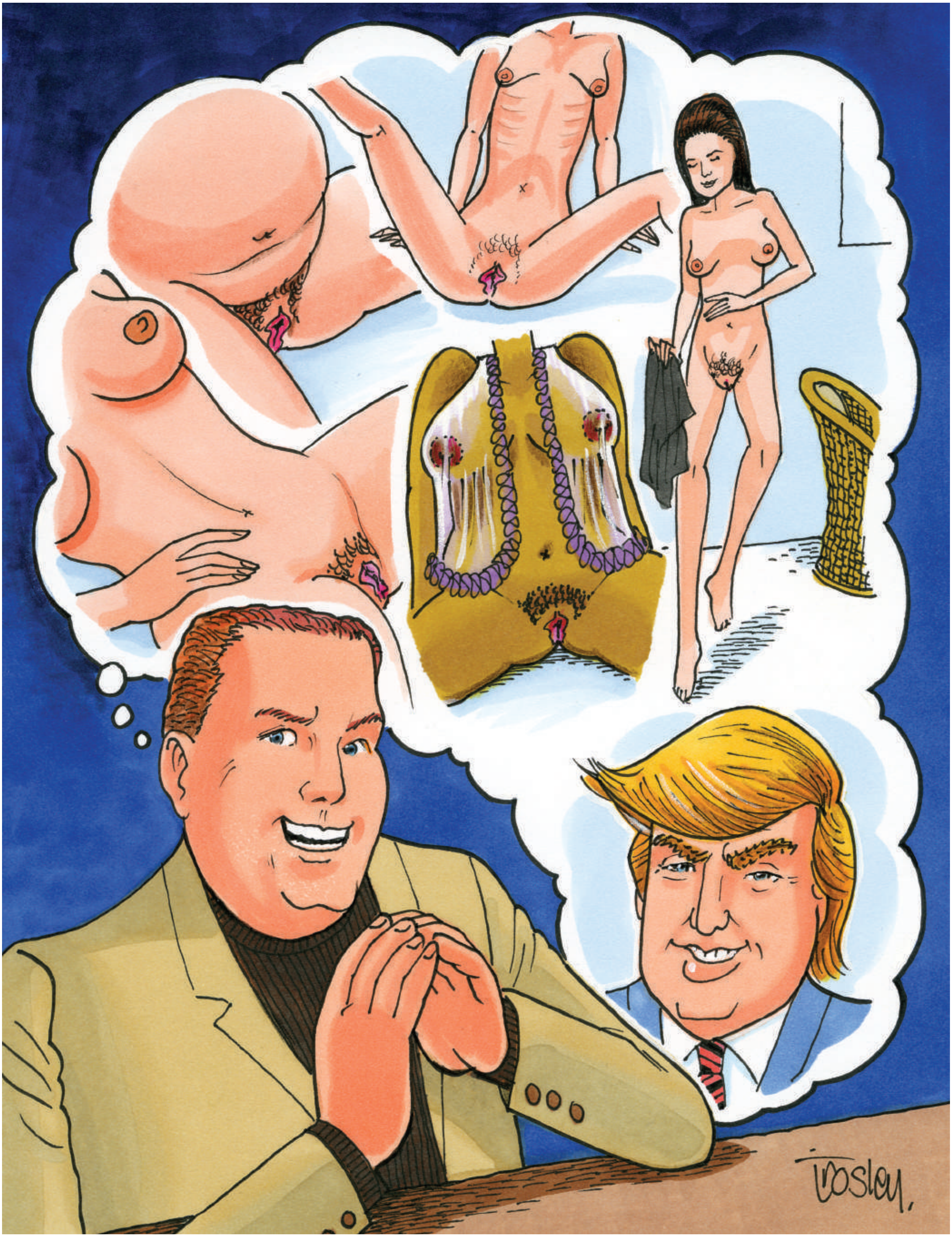
These people hadn’t just changed their politics. They had become brainwashed, as the experts in her film conclude. They describe the well-documented process that matches precisely what the right-wing political-election industry is systematically perpetrating. “Fox News mostly created Donald Trump and his followers,” Senko insisted. “Without Fox and Rush Limbaugh, I don’t think that Donald Trump would have happened.”

But isn’t it all just small-*d* democracy in action? Aren’t Fox News and Limbaugh just making compelling arguments in a more effective way than Democrats? “As talented and as brilliant as they are at getting out their message, 90% of it is misinformation,” Senko explained. “So how could that possibly be democratic? When the electorate is miseducated and brainwashed, to be blunt, you don’t have a democracy.”

This November we’ll find out how much of a democracy we have left. Until then, check out *The Brainwashing of My Dad*, tag-lined “The truth behind the right-wing media machine that changed a father—and divided the nation.” Without giving away the ending, I’ll just note that what ultimately happens in Jen Senko’s film is encouraging. Perhaps there is a way out of the ugly, angry mess so many families—not to mention the country itself—now find themselves in after decades of being repeatedly mind-fucked by the Republicans’ well-crafted political lie machine.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).


Ice cream with ketchup on top? What are you, fucking stupid?
I'm watching FOX News, ain't I?
TRUMP
FOX NEWS
CATSUP
McLeady



"Over the years HUSTLER has featured fat pussy, skinny pussy, black pussy and famous pussy, but HUSTLER has never featured a fucking pussy like Donald Trump!"

CURT SCHILLING

Baseball has a reputation as the American sport most beloved by conservatives, or at least by conservative pundits and blowhards. Why? Right-wing guru George Will once said, “It has no clock, no ties and no Liberal intrusions into the organized progression.” Daniel Foster from the *National Review* further explained: “It’s reliable, dependable, faithful, and I think there is something very warming to the cockles of the cold conservative heart about that fact.”

Nowhere are the “cockles of the cold conservative heart” more evident than in the breast of former World Series MVP pitcher Curt Schilling, now also a former ESPN color analyst, after being fired for repeatedly violating the network’s policy against making an ass out of himself with partisan, delusional, embarrassing outbursts on radio, Facebook, Twitter and beyond.

Last August ESPN suspended him after his tweet putting Muslims in the same league as Nazis. Before this he inflamed racial tensions after the Michael Brown shooting by suggesting that Marines posted in Iraq should come home and quash protests in Ferguson. Adding fuel to the fire, he then tweeted an outrageous post—thoroughly debunked by the fact-checking website Snopes—that eight NYPD officers had been insulted and refused service by the whole staff at a Chipotle restaurant. Actually, a single cashier had mimicked the “hands up, don’t shoot,” gesture—probably more as a joke than anything—and the offended officers had just walked out. Insensitive maybe, but not exactly our heroic boys in blue being starved by the nation’s fast-food workers.

After 9/11, Curt grandstanded with a gushing, schmaltzy patriotic open letter to America, prompting his Diamondbacks teammates on a bus ride to mockingly sing, “I’m a Yankee Doodle Dandy.” And that’s been his shtick ever since, using the big stage of EPSN to cast himself as a macho, born-again Mr. America, defender of baseball’s supposed collateral values: pro-life, pro-gun, pro-God, pro-war, and anti-everything else. He was a gung-ho supporter of Dubya Bush for both of his disastrous terms, tossing dusters at anyone who dared to criticize the bungled Iraq war.

Back on the ESPN mound after suspension, he threw yet another wild pitch, saying that Hillary Clinton “should be buried under a jail somewhere.” No way to interpret that except that she should be killed and entombed, unless he meant that she should be buried alive. Then he unloaded at transgender people on Facebook, basically saying that if you have a dick, you’re male; a pussy, you’re female; and that’s the end of it. This may sound reasonable to a lot of folks, but like most oversimplifications, it’s ignorant and invites discrimination against transgender people.

Finally fed up with Schilling insulting and alienating its increasingly diverse national audience, ESPN fired him for good. Memo to Curt: There are Muslims, Black Lives Matter members and even—*gasp!*—transgender people and liberals who are baseball fans. They want to hear commentary about pitching and batting, not the constipated bullshit constantly exploding out of your puckered asshole.

Schilling then whined that he was fired for his political views, unleashing an absurd tit-for-tat rant: “Some of the most racist things I’ve ever heard have come out of people that are on the air at ESPN.” He cited no examples; it was just more dung flung into the game.

His claim of political censorship by ESPN is ludicrous. In 2014 he engaged in a Twitter war with fellow sports commentator Keith Law over evolution vs. creationism. Here’s how the dialogue began: “SCHILLING: post a link to it, to ANY fossil that is between the amphibian and a fly, mosquito, Elephant, Rhino, Human, Snake, anything…” “LAW: There are hundreds of transitional fossils on record, Curt [link to a Wikipedia page on transitional fossils].” The upshot? Schilling, repeating the idiocy of the Scopes Monkey Trial, was not even hand-slapped, but ESPN suspended Law from using his Twitter account—for politely defending the theory of evolution. Somehow, in Curt’s warped brain, this makes ESPN a Communist Gulag silencing *right-wingers*! It’s true that there are some “missing links” in the fossil record of evolution from early hominids to modern *Homo sapiens*, but maybe the paleontologists can stop digging now—Curt Schilling appears to be the living, breathing specimen of the pre-Neanderthal throwback they’ve been looking for.

Schilling is most famous for a 2004 American League championship game in which he performed with a torn ankle tendon sutured in place. The cameras kept zooming in with close-ups of the ankle while he was on the mound, showing what appeared to be a small bloodstain on his sock. *The wounded warrior heroically suppressing pain to save the game!* Only it might have been fake. A former teammate said, “All around baseball, people questioned that. It was funny how the stain didn’t spread.” Incredibly, Schilling sold the legendary “bloody sock” at auction for a whopping $92,613.

Back when President Obama was struggling to get the economic stimulus package passed in his first term, Schilling offered this sage advice: “There can be no question our country is in the worst economic crisis of our lifetimes. I also think there can be no question that it falls on us, the individuals, to find a way out of our own personal crisis.” Implying, of course, that we all just need to grab our bootstraps and pull ourselves out of the mess left by his hero George W. Bush, with no help from the big, fat government.

Yet in 2010 Curt got a $75-million guaranteed loan from Rhode Island’s Job Creation Guarantee Program to move his video game company, 38 Studios, to the state. He promised to create 450 jobs by 2012. By May 2012, 38 Studios failed to meet payroll, laid off most of the staff in a mass email and defaulted on the loan. Now here’s the kicker: That Rhode Island program was made viable only after the federal Small Business Administration increased its guarantee of such loans to 90%—thanks to the infusion of cash from Obama’s stimulus program! Now the taxpayers are stuck with a $75-million bill while anti-big-government Schilling licks his own shredded jackbootstraps. Which he probably does in private often, decked out in gear from his huge stash of Nazi fetish shit.

In 2015 Herr Schilling posted photos of his big WWII memorabilia collection on Facebook. Out of 200 photos, more than three dozen had swastikas, including SS uniforms. Many decent people collect war memorabilia from all eras—but the fucking SS? We guess swastikas really warm the cockles of the cold conservative heart. Reviewing the collection, Brown University professor Omer Bartov said: “If these people only knew how much innocent blood was spilled by the wearers of these elegant uniforms, they might take pause. Or not.”

Curt could prove he’s not a raving douchebag hypocrite by selling all this shit and reimbursing the taxpayers for that $75-million loan. But we imagine the answer is *nicht*.

Time to goosestep off the big stage permanently, Curt—down into some freezing, rat-infested Aryan Nation’s militia dugout somewhere in an internet-dead zone of the Alaskan outback you hail from. Maybe you could shack up with that other brain-dead has-been, Sarah Palin. *Auf wiedersehen, Arschloch!* **H**

PHOTO BY HANDOUT/ALAMY

NANCY REAGAN: AN ORAL HISTORY

Ronald Reagan called her "Mommy." White House staffers referred to her as "Mrs. President." Rat Pack actor Peter Lawford considered her Hollywood's greatest cocksucker. Those are some of the nicer things people called Former First Lady Nancy Reagan, who died this year at 94. Google "Nancy Reagan Bitch" and the sea of nearly half a million results ranges from her callous behavior of people in general—e.g., homosexuals, the poor—to her cunty treatment of specific people, e.g., Mrs. Carter, close friend Rock Hudson and even her own children.

The New York Times and *Washington Post* have been criticized for being disrespectful in their Nancy obits by referencing things like her Marie Antoinette-style extravagant spending during an era of double-digit unemployment. But HUSTLER celebrates the passing of a woman who was apparently unbound by the repressed sexual conventions of her day. In Kitty Kelley's bestselling unauthorized biography *Nancy Reagan*, the author noted that Nancy "was renowned in Hollywood for performing oral sex." Then a B-movie actress going by Nancy Davis, she was reputed to give the greatest suckjob in town and even made private office calls during the day, "...one of the reasons that she was very popular on the MGM lot." In her memoir *The Peter Lawford Story*, Lawford's wife Patricia recalled, "Peter was watching the news right after Reagan was elected. He went over to the set, laughing and calling Mrs. Reagan a vulgar name...and said that when she was single, Nancy Davis was known for giving the best head in Hollywood. Then Peter told of driving to the Phoenix area with Nancy and Bob Walker [whom Lawford claims was her lover at the time].... He claimed that she entertained them orally on those trips, apparently playing with whichever man was not driving at the moment. I have no idea if Peter was telling the truth, though I have to assume he was because Peter was not one to gossip." We're not ones to gossip either, but we hope it's true. At least that'd be one pleasant thing to recall about a First Lady who often cared more for things than people.

"I think a woman gets more if she acts feminine." —NANCY REAGAN, FORMER FIRST LADY

PUSSY POWER

Monster tentacle rape? Fine. Schoolgirls molested on public transportation? Love it. Women's faces covered in gobs of random dude semen? Bring it on! But data that could be used to generate a "manko" model? Punishable by law.

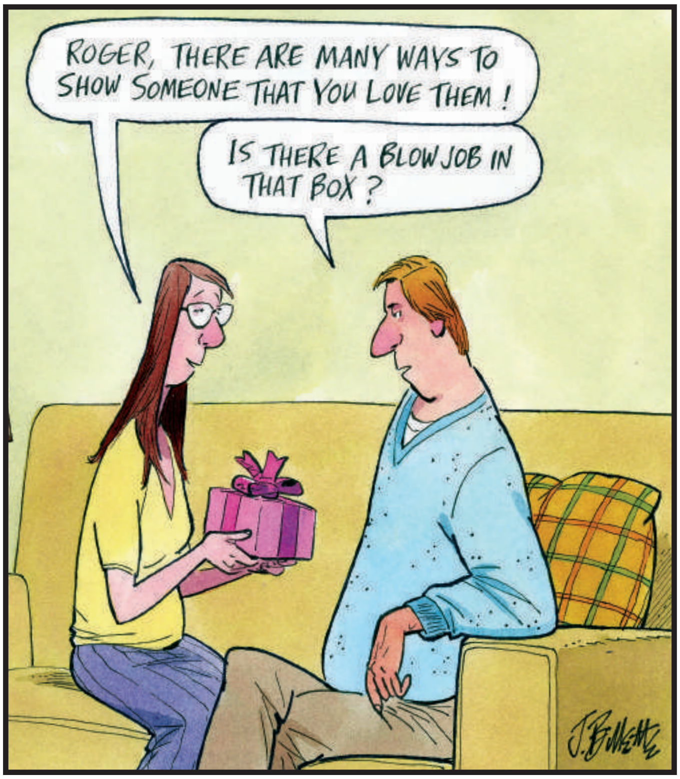
"Japan's view of pussy is really weird," artist Megumi Igarashi, who goes by Rokudenashiko ("good-for-nothing girl"), notes in her new memoir *What Is Obscenity? The Story of a Good for Nothing Artist and Her Pussy*. "I was taught from a very young age that *manko* was a bad word," she writes, struggling to understand why the genitalia through which "most babies are born through" was so censored, pixilated and shamed. The more Igarashi tried to discuss Japan's pussy phobia, the more she was attacked by "angry old men." Setting about making art she hoped would "present pussy as brighter, funnier, less serious," she created cheerfully cunty comics, toys, iPhone cases, figurines, and the "pussy boat," a fully functional kayak modeled after scans of the 44-year-old artist's pussy. None of this raised the ire of Japanese authorities. But recently Igarashi was convicted on obscenity charges—for distributing information enabling people to make 3-D prints of her vagina. Presiding judge Mihoko Tanabe concluded that while the data, sent as a premium to thank donors for funding Igarashi's pussy boat, was "flat and inorganic," it still portrayed a vagina and therefore could, if utilized, "sexually arouse viewers." (This conclusion presumably based on the sexual response of Igarashi's prosecutors, the only ones known to actually run the data through a 3-D printer.) Dedicated to her own colorful brand of pussy activism, Igarashi plans to appeal her conviction. "I am innocent," Igarashi told the court, "because neither the data for female genitals nor my artworks shaped like female genitals are obscene."

6d745
Kawata

CLUB GIRL: SONYA JADE

Just 4-11 and weighing under 100 pounds, this 35-year-old Las Vegas native may be petite, but she knows how to throw her weight around, both in the kitchen and on the stripper pole. Before manning the stoves full-time at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Las Vegas, Sonya appeared there regularly as a dancer. While she loved performing, she secretly longed to cook and so decided to teach herself: "I'd spend all my downtime watching cooking shows and making whatever they would make." Now her business cards read "Topless Chef," and you can find her hard at work keeping HUSTLER patrons and staff well-fed and happy. "What I enjoy about living in Vegas is the diverse culture and different, amazing foods that we have," she explains, adding that personally her tastes in men and food tend to run ordinary rather than exotic: "At home I make whatever I feel like eating, anything from spaghetti and homemade pizza to steak and pasta. In a romantic partner I look for someone who can make me laugh, who doesn't take life too seriously, likes to have fun and loves to eat."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MATLOW


ROGER, THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO SHOW SOMEONE THAT YOU LOVE THEM!
IS THERE A BLOW JOB IN THAT BOX?

"I cook with wine; sometimes I even add it to the food." —**W.C. FIELDS, ACTOR**

IF TRUMP, THEN CANADA

Commentator Pat Buchanan (yes, he lives—if you consider writing political screed about how unfair life is for rich white bastards like him, living) may call Donald Trump "The Great White Hope," but for thousands of U.S. citizens, their *only* hope is a romantic prospect holding a valid Canadian passport. Maple Match, a dating site that matches Americans with Canadians, is the brainchild of Joe Goldman, a 25-year-old from Austin, Texas. "Maple Match makes it easy for Americans to find the ideal Canadian partner to save them from the unfathomable horror of a Trump presidency," the site promises. There is no fee for services, and currently the site is only accepting applicants for its waiting list.

Will Maple Match become functional if Mr. Macho, aka The Golden Wrecking Ball, aka The Short-Fingered Vulgarian, aka Fuckface von Clownstick, aka The Donald actually winds up in the White House? Clearly many hope so—launched in early May, over 13,000 people signed up the first week alone, at a rate of three U.S. citizens per every Canadian applicant. "The response has been tremendous," Goldman told NBC News. "I'm getting people from all over, but the strongest responses have been from Seattle and New York City. Our first inquiries came from Billings, Montana." For some, however, moving to Canada wouldn't be far enough to restore their faith in mankind. When contemplating the prospect of a Donald Trump presidency, comedian Jon Stewart told *People*, "I would consider getting in a rocket and going to another planet, because clearly this planet's gone bonkers."

SHE'LL TAKE *INCREDIBLY AWKWARD* FOR $200

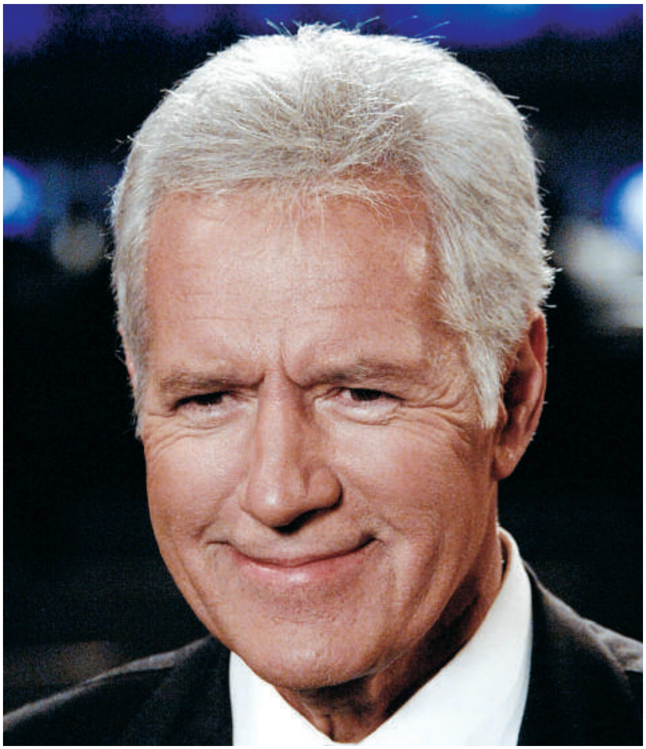


PHOTO © EVERETT COLLECTION INC./ALAMY

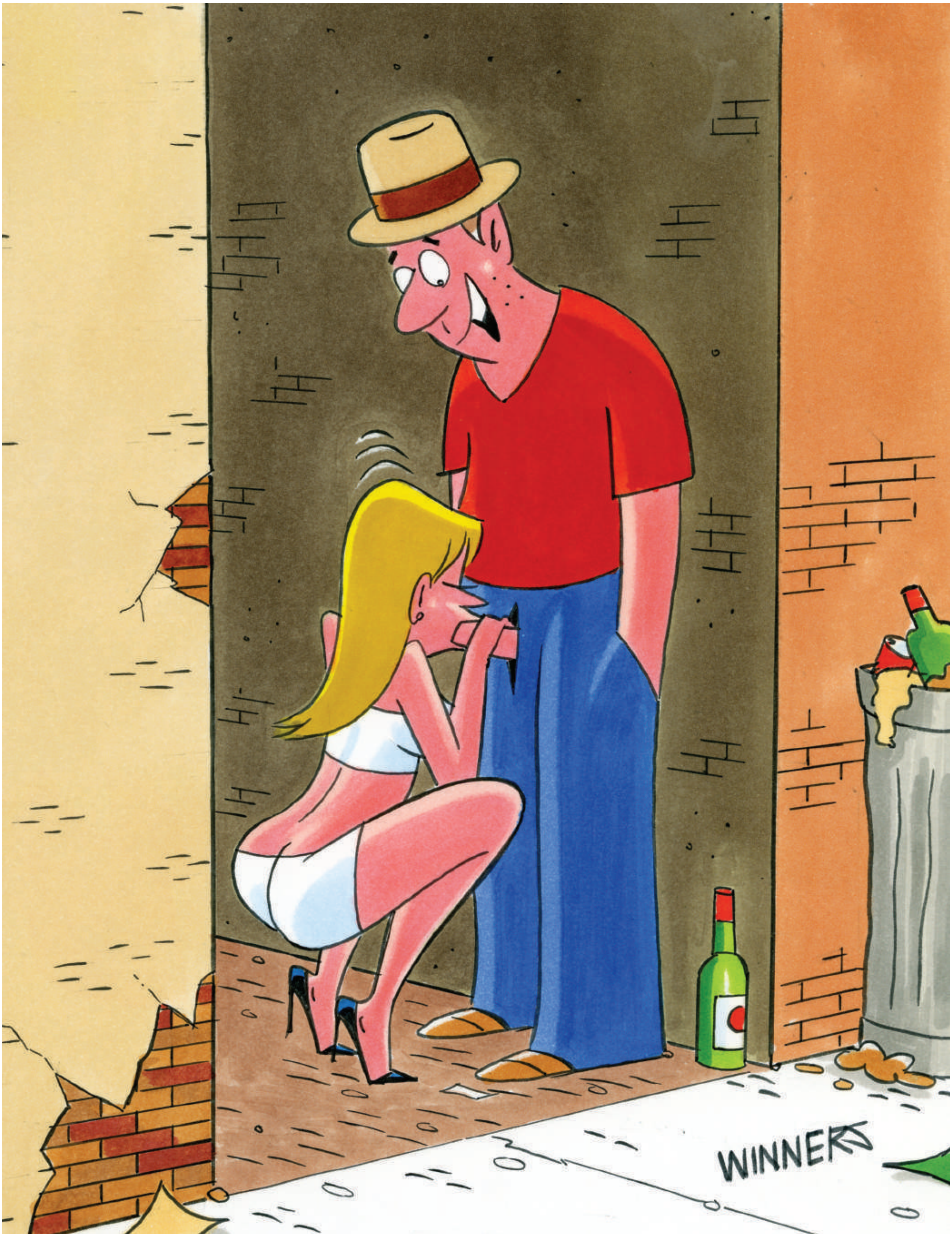
Jeopardy! has televised its share of uncomfortable moments over its 32-year run, but the game show sunk to new depths when host Trebek turned to journalist/celebrity contestant Lara Logan and said, "Lara Logan, a few years ago in Egypt, on what was supposed to be a happy occasion, you were violently sexually assaulted.... What is going on? I thought we were making progress in our treatment of women?"

The *Jeopardy!* get-to-know-you segment is vetted in advance, starting with a three-page questionnaire which explains "Not many of our contestants have saved the world or received the Nobel prize, but they all have a funny story about the camping trip from hell," so perhaps Logan herself prompted the question referring to the 2011 attack when she was savagely beaten and raped by a mob of 200 to 300 men while covering an anti-Mubarak celebration in Tahrir Square. All respect to Logan, but worst 'camping trip from hell' story ever.

More uplifting was news of the first successful U.S. penis transplant. Surgeons at Massachusetts General Hospital spent over 15 hours operating on recipient Thomas Manning of Halifax, Massachusetts. Manning, whose cancerous penis was removed in 2012, was eager to make himself available to the press to answer any questions that might dispel shame or stigma and give hope to men with penile cancers and injuries. Noting exceptionally high suicide rates in soldiers with severe genital damage, Dr. Curtis L. Cetrulo, Manning's lead plastic and reconstructive surgeon, told reporters that his team was eager to help injured veterans: "They're 18- to 20-year-old guys, and they feel they have no hope of intimacy or a sexual life. They can't even go to the bathroom standing up."

But down in San Antonio, Texas, WOAI-TV's Randy Beamer couldn't resist laughing and snickering as he reported the news. During the broadcast, Beamer, suspected by his own colleagues to be the inspiration for *Anchorman*'s Ron Burgundy, apologized: "The story had a word in it that a ten-year-old would laugh at. Laughing about this in any way just perpetuates a stigma that these patients should not have to deal with.... Next time you think of laughing at a word or maybe at someone, laugh at me in this teaching moment of why you shouldn't be stupid and insensitive." Don't worry, Randy. People have been laughing at you for years.

"I get to go to overseas places, like Canada." —BRITNEY SPEARS, ENTERTAINER



“My wife was willing to give me a blowjob, but I’ve learned that some jobs are better left to the professionals.”

BRANDY

ROAD RULES

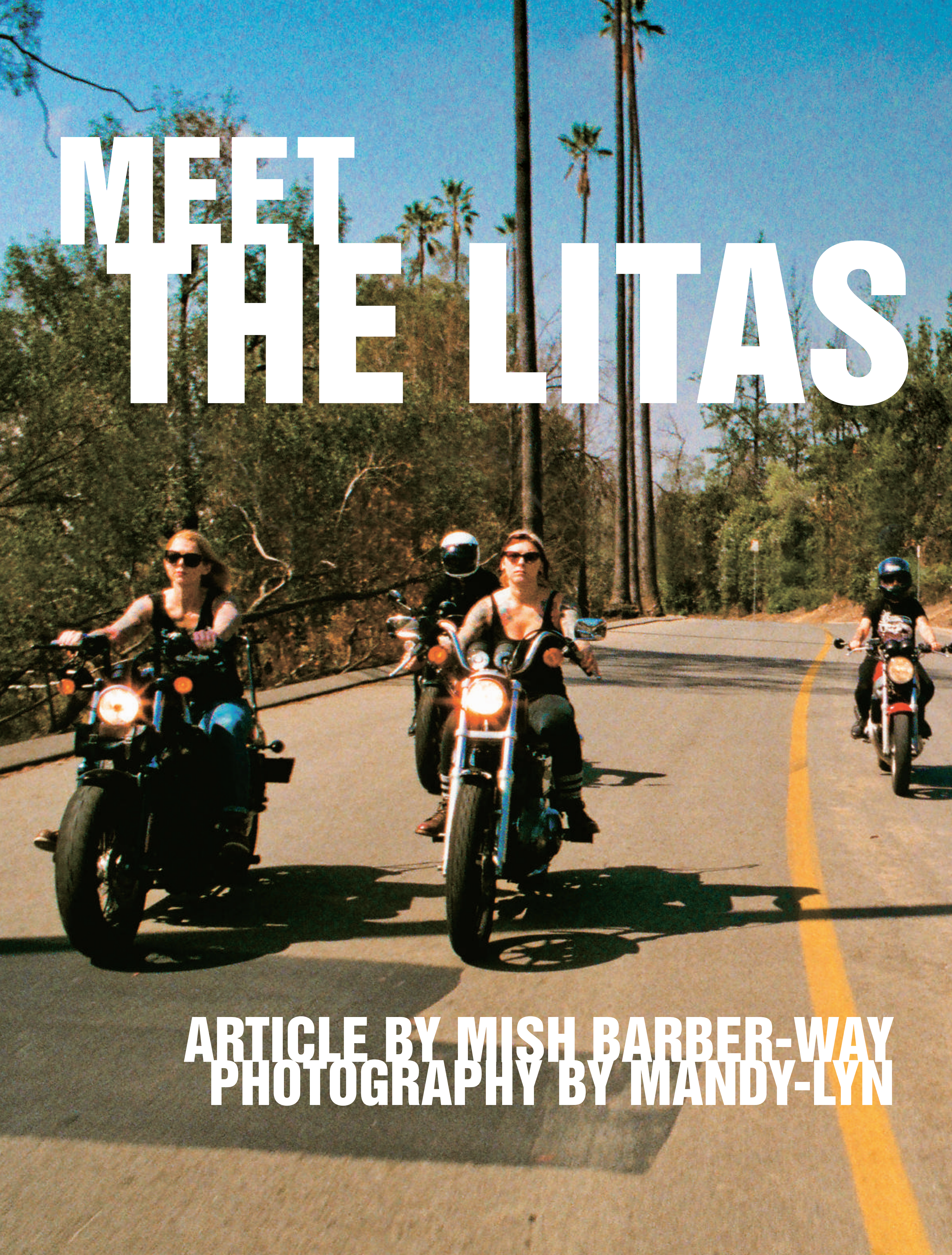
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
WILFERD GUENTHOER

I live life my way, and I make my own rules. Recently I took over my first strip club, The Paradise City Club in Elm Creek, Nebraska. I'm part owner, and I also manage and dance. So these days my sex life is crazier than most people's fantasies.

"One night a group of five guys drove almost four hours to my club to meet me in person. They were all good-looking guys and super cool. I think almost all of them got private dances from me. By the end of the night, well, let's just say I was very horny, so I asked if they wanted to hang out after I closed. It was one of my wildest nights ever. I started by sucking their dicks and then hopped on and fucked each one of them. I probably had a minimum of 20 orgasms! Guys, don't come at me unless you are ready to fuck the shit out of me."

BRANDY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Lincoln, Nebraska** | AGE: **35** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-25-35** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl** | SNAPCHAT: **@ParadiseCity69**



MEET THE LITAS

ARTICLE BY MISH BARBER-WAY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MANDY-LYN

I MEET MEMBERS OF THE ALL-FEMALE LOS ANGELES MOTORCYCLE GROUP, THE LITAS, AT THE TOP OF ELYSIAN PARK. THE GROUP'S UNASSUMING SPOKESWOMAN, JEN REGAN, CHOSE THE SPOT, WHICH IS USUALLY INHABITED BY JOGGERS OR TEENAGERS WHO WANT TO SUCK FACE TO THE DOWNTOWN SKYLINE. BUT IT'S EARLY ON A FRIDAY MORNING, SO IT'S JUST THE LITAS AND THEIR BIKES. THE WOMEN ARE ANXIOUS TO SHOOT THESE PHOTOS AND GET ON WITH IT. THEY ARE GOING CAMPING AND DIRT BIKING THIS WEEKEND OUTSIDE THE CITY, IN GORMAN.

THE LITAS CLUSTER TOGETHER, TALKING CASUALLY ABOUT EVERYTHING. THEY TALK ABOUT EX-BOYFRIENDS, THE ONES WHO FOUGHT NAZI SKINHEADS, THE ONES WHO GOT THEM INTO BIKES, THE ONES WHO PISSED THEM OFF ENOUGH THEY HAD TO LEAVE AND START ALL OVER. THEY TALK ABOUT THEIR GIRLS AND THE MAINTENANCE THEY JUST DID TO THEIR BIKES. THEY TALK SHOP WITH EASE AND ARE CONSTANTLY LAUGHING WITH ONE ANOTHER. THEY WEAVE IN AND OUT OF STORIES UNTIL LANDING ON LOS ANGELES TRAFFIC, THE JOY OF LANE SPLITTING AND PUNCHING CARS THAT TRY TO PUSH THEM OFF THE ROAD. JASMINE ROSE, DANIELLE ROTELLA, TIGER RUIZ, HALEY POLLOCK AND REGAN TALK LIKE PEOPLE WHO HAVE KNOWN ONE ANOTHER FOR YEARS. THE LITAS IS WHAT BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER. >>

THE LITAS

"I only joined The Litas in September," says Rose, a makeup artist who also works for Harley-Davidson convincing riders to buy full-face helmets. She's tall and slender, soft like the curls in her hair.

"Yeah, we picked her up at a gas station about a block from my house," Regan laughs.

"Jasmine had never been riding on the freeway before, so we just said, 'Let's do this' and took her along," Rotella continues.

The Litas started in 2014 in Salt Lake City when Jessica Haggett wanted more girls to ride with. She put out an open call for female bikers, and only one other woman showed up. They went out for beers and decided to start the anti-motorcycle club. There would be no hierarchy, no fees, no judgement, no claims of territory, instead just a sprawling network of women who have one thing in common: their love of riding motorcycles.

The Salt Lake City group grew and, with the help of social media, collected girls from all over the world. Chapters formed in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, United Kingdom, France and South Africa. Today The Litas has over 1,500 members, female bikers all over the world.

"I have been riding since I was very little," says Ruiz, an electric alpha-female residing in Long Beach who sparks like a surged plug when she speaks. "I knew how to use a clutch before I even figured out how to ride a bicycle. My dad, uncles and brothers always had

> "I DON'T EVEN THINK OF MYSELF AS A FEMALE RIDER. I'M A RIDER. I'M A BIKER. IT'S SOMETHING I HAVE DONE FOREVER."
>
> —TIGER RUIZ

Harleys, so I had been around it my whole life. I got my first bike right out of high school. I bought it in cash. I rode a 49cc three-wheeler when I was four. I just had to do it."

Ruiz grew up in Orlando, Florida, going to Daytona Bike Week with her father at ten years old and getting picked up from school on the back of his bike every day. She had a little helmet she covered in stickers and felt comfortable riding with her father.

"One time my dad picked me up from class, and we were riding home and had stopped at a red light, my little hands on his waist," she remembers. "And he suddenly felt them slip. I had started to lean to the side, and he reached out and caught me. He realized I had fallen asleep. I was so comfortable on the back of the bike that I had fallen asleep. So he put me in front of him, and we rode home. That story explains how I feel about motorcycles. I don't even think of myself as a female rider. I'm a rider. I'm a biker," Ruiz says. "It's something I have done forever."

Rotella has a similar story. Raised in New York with parents who both rode, Rotella was nervous to get on her first bike. But once she did, she felt something ignite. Now she's the appointed daredevil of the group, always dying to go faster and harder. "I actually ride my dad's old bike that he bought new the day I was born. My bike and I are the same age."

Pollock has clocked 17,000 miles in less than a year. "I felt like I didn't need permission to ride," she says, pushing her long blond hair away from her sunglasses. "It was just mine." Growing up in the punk rock scene near her hometown of Santa Clarita, Pollock never thought of motorcycles as something on her radar. She was into music, but after a stint in San Diego and finally settling in Los Angeles, she found herself with a boyfriend who rode. When he needed to retake the motorcycle safety course to get a break on his insurance, Pollock decided to take it with him.

"[In the safety course] they give you these tiny Honda Rebels, and you never get out of third," she explains. "You are riding in the parking lot at the Veterans Hospital. I just remember wanting to go faster and be on the street. I couldn't wait to go faster. I got my license on the 12th and had my bike six days later. I am impulsive. If I decide I want something, I want it now." Pollock never goes a day without riding her motorcycle.

"I was in London years ago and rode on the back of a friend's bike," says Regan. "It was fun, but I wanted to own that experience. I've always been the kind of girl who is in the band, not with the band."

"I went through a long marriage and divorced," adds Rose. "I became who I was meant to be. My dad always rode, but I assumed that was just for old guys. Then I saw these girls riding, and it made me realize I could do that. I *needed* to do that."

THE FIRST LADY OF MOTORCYCLING

For so long, riding motorcycles was reserved for the boys. These days more and more females own and ride. They own their freedom and owe nothing to no one—except perhaps for Dot Robinson.

Dot Robinson, the "First Lady of Motorcycling," was born in Australia and immigrated to America in 1918 with her family. Her father was an avid biker who owned a Harley-Davidson dealership in Michigan. She grew up surrounded by machines, obsessing over metal and familiarizing herself with mechanics while the other girls in her neighborhood played house. At 5-2 and 115 pounds, Robinson was a pint-size thrill seeker who raced bikes with the boys. She won her first endurance run in 1930, at the 100-mile Flint race, even receiving a perfect score. Robinson was tough as nails, but lived by a simple mantra: You don't have to become one of the boys to ride. In her later years she got totally into her custom pink Harley with the built-in lipstick holder. She was a goddamn lady.

No woman was doing what Robinson did. When she gave birth to her first child, she rode home from the hospital with her newborn in the sidecar of her hubby's Harley. In an era when women were supposed to sit down, shut up and stay out of the way, she was defiant *and* ladylike, the perfect combination of prowess and sex appeal. During WWII she rode as a bike courier for a defense contractor and co-ran a Detroit-based Harley-Davidson shop with her husband. When she >>

tried to enter the National Endurance Race, the American Motorcyclist Association (AMA) told her "No girls allowed"—this after she'd already proved her worth by squashing male counterparts and taking home wins in both the Michigan and Ohio state championships. Robinson petitioned to compete, gathering thousands of signatures from supporters and plopping the documents on the desk of the AMA head. "I loaded up that great big carton of petitions and went into his office one day when he was sitting at his desk, turned them upside down…and snowed him under," she once said. "Later he became a friend, and he told me that nobody ever raised that much hell all over the country. I turned motorcycling upside down, and I intended to." Robinson would become the first woman to win an AMA national competition, where only seven of the 52 riders actually finished the brutal race.

In 1939 she and her friend, Linda Dugeau, got on their Harleys and rode across America in search of other women riders. Dugeau later recounted to the *Los Angeles Times* that they wanted to start a gang modeled after the 99ers, Amelia Earhart's sorority for women pilots. By the following year they had established a crew that would abide by two crucial rules: You must own your own motorcycle, and you must, at all times, conduct yourself "like a lady." America's first all-female motorcycle gang, The Motor Maids, was born.

FREEDOM TO RIDE

I meet back up with some of The Litas two days later at a bar in Los Feliz. They are post dirt bike trip, Babes in the Dirt, an all-female weekend of camping and dirt racing. Rotella and Regan are beaming from it and speaking a language I barely understand. According to Regan, I'm "fender fluff," a chick who only rides on the back of her husband's bike, but that's all right because I choose that position.

"The sexuality of a woman on a bike comes out in a subtle way," says Regan, an ICU nurse who, ironically, works assisting neurosurgeons piece back together broken bones and fractured skulls on the regular. "There is nothing wrong with riding on the back of somebody's bike; I will make that very clear," she tells me. "If you just want to be on the back, then that is great. There is something very intimate and personal about riding on the back of someone's bike. I respect that. For me, as a woman who rides, the moment I am going to get on the back of some guy's bike, consider me basically married to that man."

She starts telling me about the weekend: "I found a rhythm section close to the camp and was wrapping all the way through it." Regan smiles so big and happy, it looks like she's got a wire hanger in her jaw. She says the dirt bike was like air compared to her Harley Sportster 883. "I kept circling around to find my spot. I was loving it." She suddenly points to Danielle Rotella, who is sitting quietly across the table. "This one, Danielle, she's got bigger balls than all of us."

"Well, you guys were all going so slow," Rotella shrugs. "I wanted to go fast. So I did." She pauses. "Then I got a little too ballsy, and my bike ended up in a tree."

Earlier this year, the Motorcycle Industry Council reported a 52% rise in female bikers between 2003 and 2008, and a 37% increase in women who own motorcycles. Women now make up 14% of all American motorcycle owners. Studies show different reasons as to why women are more inclined to ride now. America is no longer a rigid, archaic patriarchal society. Women have become much more independent. And then there's social media, enabling female riders to easily network.

SPEED LIMIT
5
WHISKEY
+
MOTORCYCLES

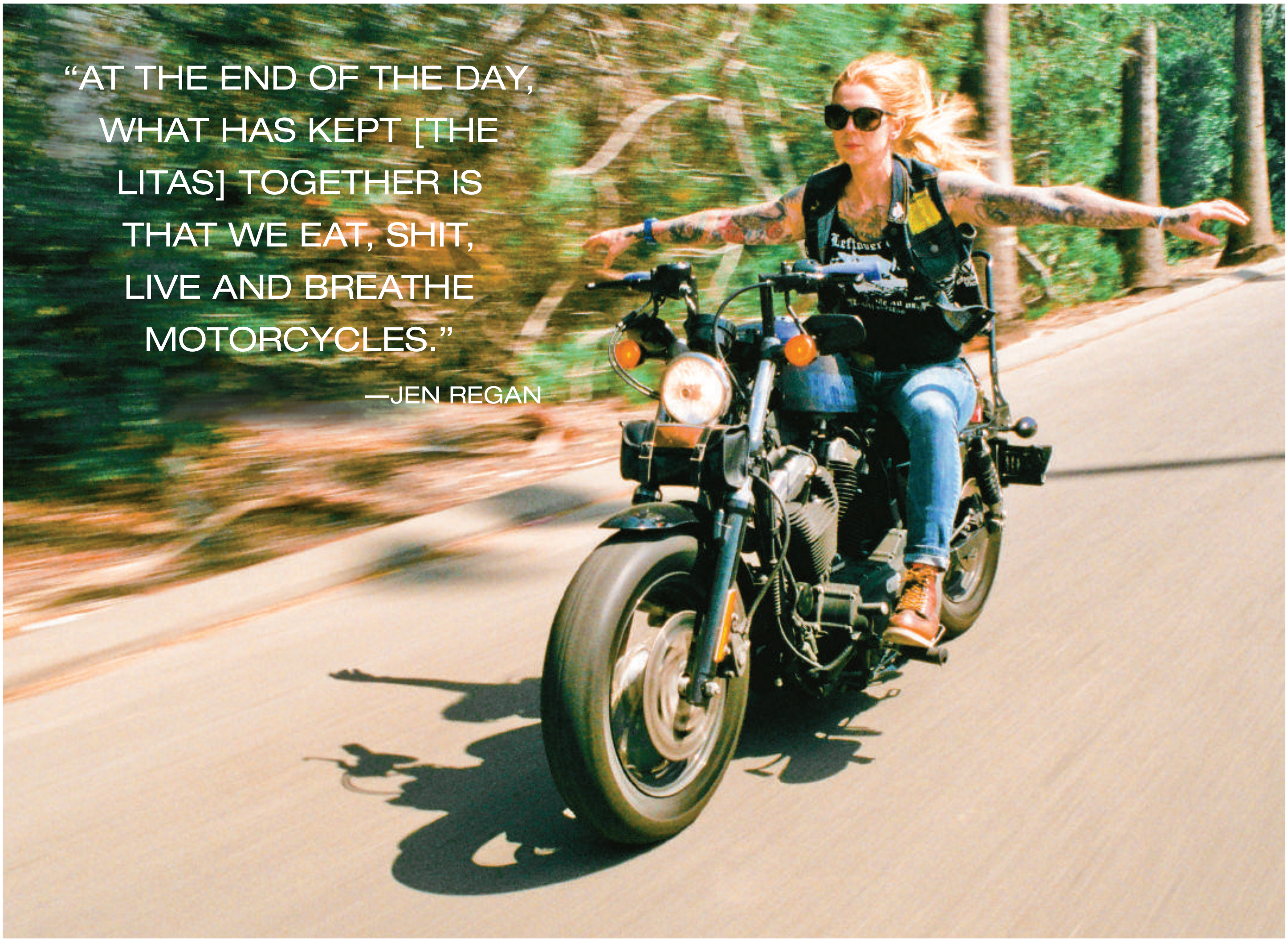
"Social media is the nucleus," says Regan. "It has been the driving force that allowed us to feel free enough to connect with random women who also ride. If I wake up on a day off work, I just think about riding. Where I want to go and who I want to go with. I just want to ride."

"No one cares what bike you ride," adds Rose. "We just want to ride together."

"The intent in owning a motorcycle is very different for some people," continues Regan. "[The Litas] live and breathe our bikes. For me personally, riding has shaped who I am today on so many levels. Other people just use it for the cool points. It's just a trend for them. A great photo for Instagram. There is no stopping that. It's fine. At the end of the day, what has kept [The Litas] together is that we eat, shit, live and breathe motorcycles."

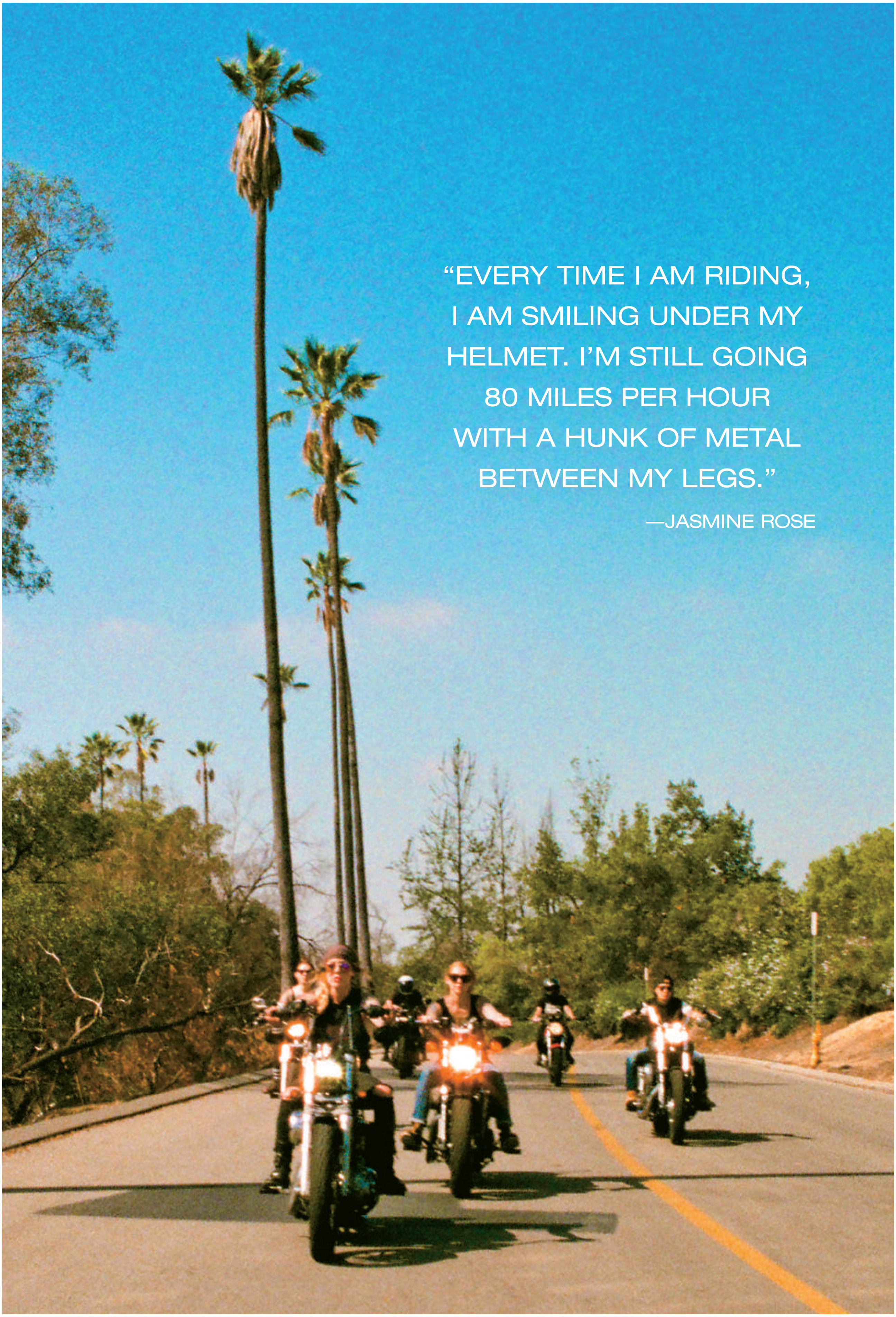
Most of The Litas connected through Instagram. Rotella even sheepishly admits that she stalked any female rider she could through the social media site to get the stones to take a motorcycle course and learn.

"Instagram was huge in [finding a community of riders]," Pollock tells me. "Once I got my Harley, I found these girls. They looked like me; they dressed like me; they rode.... Riding with my boyfriend was cool, but this was different." >>



"AT THE END OF THE DAY, WHAT HAS KEPT [THE LITAS] TOGETHER IS THAT WE EAT, SHIT, LIVE AND BREATHE MOTORCYCLES."

—JEN REGAN



> “EVERY TIME I AM RIDING, I AM SMILING UNDER MY HELMET. I’M STILL GOING 80 MILES PER HOUR WITH A HUNK OF METAL BETWEEN MY LEGS.”
>
> —JASMINE ROSE

Ruiz noticed that difference immediately with The Litas. "I remember the first ride I went on with [The Litas]. They asked the group if everyone was comfortable going on the freeway. I never would have thought to ask that question. When you ride with guys and you are weaving through traffic and you somehow get behind the pack, it's your responsibility to catch up. I think that is reasonable. When I rode that first day with The Litas, I was having a blast and didn't know where we were going. I was blasting down the [Pacific Coast Highway], and I missed our turn. It was my fault. Even though I was new, everyone kept going with me, and we made the turn later. I expected to have to flip a U-turn and catch up with them after, but it was this different mentality. I felt like I was a part of the group and was not going to be left behind."

"I've never met any dumb people who ride bikes, and that is Darwinism at its finest," Pollock insists. "I feel lucky with finding [The Litas]. I found all these independent, smart, rad women riders who have grown to be some of my closest friends."

As much as Instagram helped facilitate their community, it's the friendship that keeps everyone together. Pollock describes how riding with someone takes trust, and that trust fast-tracks your relationship. You become close, riding on your bikes.

"I think it's harder for men to go out and find new guys to ride with, to be a part of a group, because there is a different role expected of the male rider," says Regan. "For a woman, it's relatively new, and the options are endless. [Our role] has not been defined yet. We can make it whatever the fuck we want it to be, and we are."

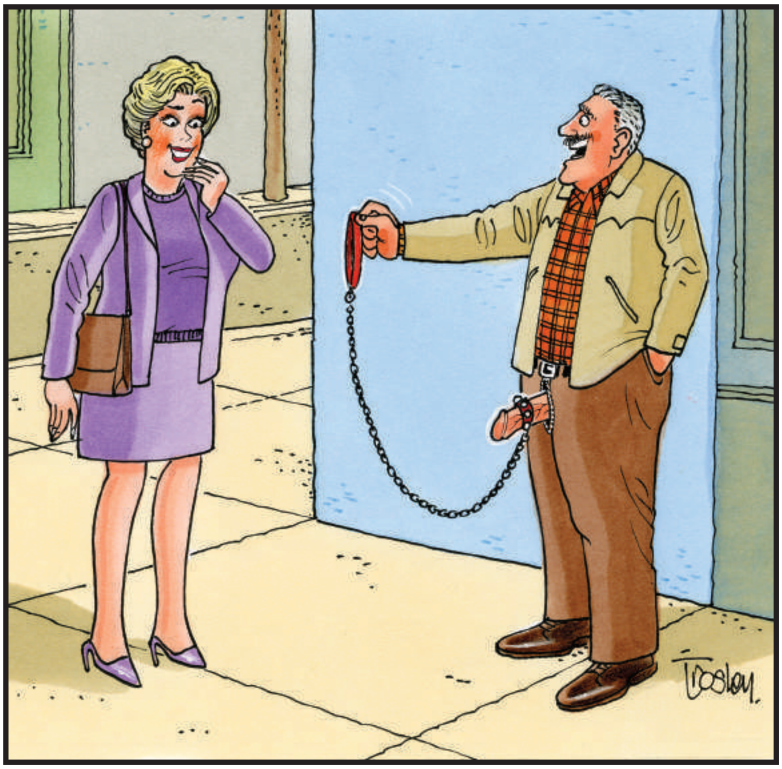
As we sit and talk about their near-death experiences, past lives and day jobs, the conversation always circles back to their bikes. It's like I'm talking to a group of autistic children who can't take their mind off their latest obsession.

"When I first started riding, I was nervous," admits Rose. Post-divorce, freshly transported from Michigan back to California, she was searching for something beyond the domestic existence she'd fled. "When I ride, I am so focused, there isn't room for anxiety. My anxiety I feel every day is gone. When I step off my bike and go into work, sure it comes back, but on the bike I'm free of it. Riding a bike is a dangerous thing to do. When you have a close call, it's scary, but when you can get over that stuff and still ride, it gives you this confidence. I can still do that, despite the bad stuff."

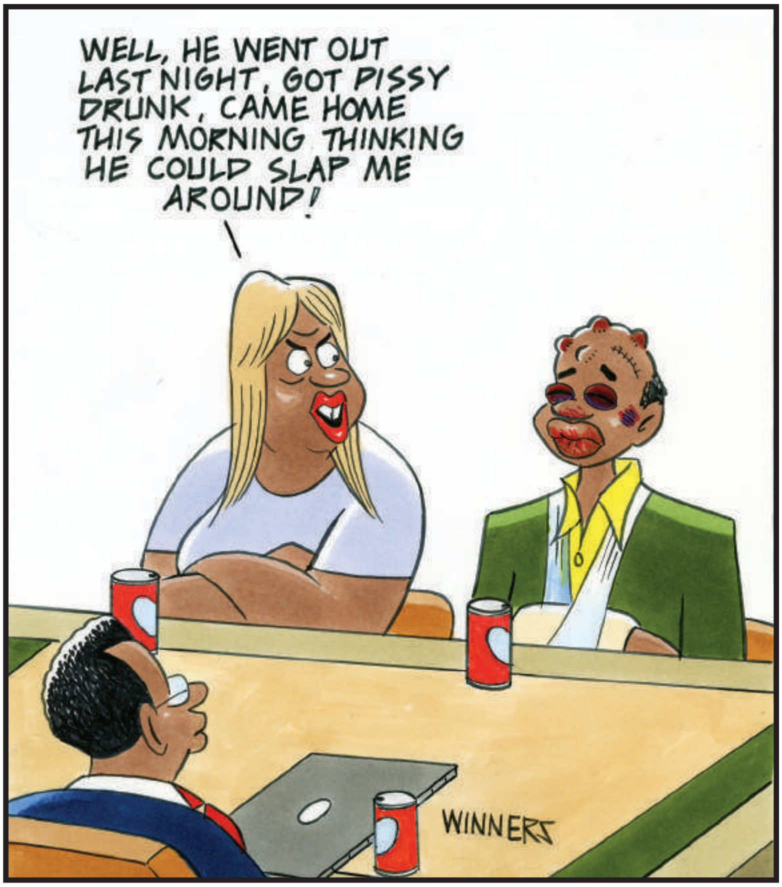
"The rewards outweigh the risk of riding," adds Rotella.

"Isn't it amazing?" Regan says. "A year ago, if you told me where I would be today, I would have laughed in your face." She stabs her fork into her meal and takes a huge bite with her glossy lips. "I don't have to be any specific type of woman," Regan continues, as the others nod in time with her statement. "I can be whatever the fuck I want to be. That is what is great about being a woman now. You want to be all up in pink or all rock 'n' roll over there? No one gives two shits as long as you are cool and want to ride bikes. That's all that matters."

Rose nods in agreement. "Every time I am riding, I am smiling under my helmet. I'm still going 80 miles per hour with a hunk of metal between my legs." H



"Seniors who have pets live longer..."


WELL, HE WENT OUT LAST NIGHT, GOT PISSY DRUNK, CAME HOME THIS MORNING THINKING HE COULD SLAP ME AROUND!
WINNERS

ALLIE EVE KNOX

SEX FACTOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL
PRODUCTIONS

Camgirl **Allie Eve Knox** didn't have to wait long for a response from *The Sex Factor*, a new adult reality show. "Somebody in my room tweeted a link to the casting call and said, 'Hey, you should check this out.' I sent in my information and photo, and an hour later they contacted me. They were like, 'Oh, we love you!'" Allie flew out to Palm Springs for a site interview and became one of the first cast members to be signed for the ten-episode first season. >>

The Sex Factor's premise should be familiar to anyone who's watched television at any point over the past decade. Take a bunch of male and female amateurs who think they have what it takes to be the next big thing and put them through a series of challenges meant to test their professional mettle, all under the encouragement and fire of a panel of judges who represent The Industry. Those with bad boob jobs, too many tattoos, who can't get it up, deliver a plausible vocal orgasm performance, land a decent pop shot, or who fail to impress porn pros Keiran Lee, Asa Akira, Tori Black, Remy LaCroix and Lexi Belle, go home. The last person standing wins "their share of a $1M prize along with instant porn superstardom," according to *The Sex Factor*'s website.

Exactly how much is a share of a million dollars? And are we talking Gisele Bündchen superstardom or *America's Next Top Model* Cycle 19 winner Laura James superstardom?

Whatever. These questions didn't faze Allie. "I wasn't necessarily familiar with the industry, but I had a plan," explains the determined 26-year-old, who holds multiple degrees, including a Masters in Anthropology from the University of Alabama. Part of that plan was to enjoy herself sexually after noting the good looks of some of her fellow contestants, particularly the girls. The other part was to get as much professional advice and experience possible. "I just want to get criticism and feedback and really learn this industry," she tells the cameras in the second episode. "It's these top people that know exactly what they're doing who can tell me exactly how to get to the top. I'm really going to take this opportunity to learn and take nothing for granted."

Allie says that her self-awareness gave her an edge over other competitors. "Some girls who tried out weren't necessarily ready for the business and what comes with it," she explains in a phone interview from her current home in Dallas, Texas. "It's a very tough business. They thought, *I'm young and pretty, so fuck it—let's just do this.* And in the end, some of them were overwhelmed with the production, with the long days, with what it takes to really be in the industry." **>>**

Eager and determined, Allie definitely made a good impression on photographer Holly Randall, who did the test shots in Episode 2's photo challenge. The prize? This gorgeous photo spread, Allie's very first magazine shoot. "Allie is a natural beauty," notes Randall. "She's got no tattoos; she's got good skin tone, good curves and a really pretty face." All of this makes her a great fit for HUSTLER. "HUSTLER is very much about featuring the girl next door," Randall explains. "They really want fresh, beautiful faces to grace the cover and inside of their magazine."

This particular girl next door makes no apologies for being less than starry-eyed compared to most of *The Sex Factor* contestants. "With everything I do, there's a goal to further myself, and I don't mind being portrayed like that. Me being the shy, innocent girl certainly is not going to work. I've always known why I'm here. I don't want to be a porn *star*; I want to be in the adult *business*. There's potential, so let's do this."

Episodes of The Sex Factor*, an xHamster original series, are currently streaming at* **SexFactor.com***, where wanna-be porn stars can also sign up for Season 2 auditions.*

ALLIE EVE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Atlanta, Georgia**

AGE: **26** | HEIGHT: **5-9** | MEASUREMENTS: **32B-25-40**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@AllieEveKnox**

HEL ON HEELS

> *“SHE DIPS HER TALON IN YOUR BRAIN AND STIRS THE CONTENTS IDLY, SMILES TO SEE YOUR AGONY, STOPS TO TRY THE TASTE OF PAIN. SAVOURING YOUR ESSENCE ON THOSE LIPS—THAT MOUTH AND YOU, LOST SOUL IN HEL YOU BEG HER TO BEGIN AGAIN TO DIP, TO STIR, TO TASTE AGAIN. YOU BEG TO BE HER SACRIFICE, TO KISS EACH NAIL UPON HER TOES, BE THAT INITIATE WHO KNEELS IMPALED ON HER STILETTO HEELS. BECOME THE ACOLYTE WHO KNOWS, THE SECRET OF THE FALL OF MAN, THE CULT THAT IS THE MORRIGAN.” —SLAVE O*

YOU’VE SEEN THIS GODDESS BEFORE. PERHAPS IT WAS ONSTAGE WITH MOTÖRHEAD, PLAYING WITH FIRE. OR POSSIBLY IN FLICKS LIKE *3’S A SHROUD*, *NATURE MORTE* OR *JUDGE DREDD*. OF COURSE IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE HOURS YOU SPENT STARING AT HER LUSCIOUS MILKY WHITE BAPS ON YOUR LAPTOP AT WORK. BUT MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, THE REASON IS THE SAME REASON YOU’RE WALKING FUNNY: THE BITCH BEAT YOUR ASS. MEET MORRIGAN HEL. WORLD-CLASS DOMINATRIX, FETISH MODEL, STAGE PERFORMER, MUSICIAN AND ACTOR. OH, AND SHE’S CRAZY HOT TOO.

INTERVIEW BY SCOTT FAYNER • PHOTO BY MURDERMILE.COM

We imagine you growing up with strict parents and being spanked a lot.

Ha! Quite the opposite, actually. My father was a biker and horror film enthusiast, and my mum, she was a hippie. I was brought up in a liberal, unconventional household out in the middle of nowhere in Wales, England.

Ah, Wales, the fetish capital of the world.

Hardly. I moved to London when I was seven, after my parents separated. By the time I was 15, I was modeling at London fetish clubs and events. The scene was very underground back then; the term *fetish model* was pretty much unheard of. There used to be a lot of prejudice within the modeling world toward women like me having tattoos and piercings. Now the scene is positively thriving. My first site went up in 2000, when there were very few alt/fetish/gothic models with websites. Now, 16 years later, there are thousands.

When did the dominatrix inside you finally emerge?

I was around 20 years old when I went to New York City for the first time. I posed for the cover of a magazine called *Tattoo Revue*. The photographer then introduced me to Pandora’s Box, a legendary NYC dungeon. That was where I did my first professional session. Prior to that I had only indulged in BDSM in my personal life and photo shoots. I have to admit, that first session was a bit nerve-racking, but I quickly got into it and took the reins. Being a domme comes naturally to me. I think it’s something that’s either within you or it’s not. I’ve always been drawn to the darker side of the psyche. It can also be very theatrical, particularly ritual initiation and role-play. For a lot of people it’s cathartic to live out their fetishes.

What’s a typical BDSM session with you like?

There is no such thing as a typical session with me. Some people are masochists and into pain, while others are fetishists, submissives

or just into bondage. None of them necessarily go hand in hand. A lot of fetishists aren't actually submissive at all, and the same can go for masochists and heavy bondage enthusiasts. It's a pretty complex subject, which keeps everything interesting.

Do you prefer working with women or men?
It depends on my mood. I like working with male slaves that are genuinely into the pain and not just the idea of it, as I tend to punish them a lot harder. With women it's a far more sensual act.

How did your relationship with the goth band Cradle of Filth come about?
I got approached to model and perform with them in 1999 by their art director, Phil Burthem, at a nightclub called the Electric Ballroom in Camden. Later I was on the cover of their *From the Cradle to Enslave* EP and in the video for "Born in a Burial Gown."

Is this where you met your future husband, [former COF] drummer Adrian Erlandsson?
Adrian wasn't actually playing drums for the band at that point. He joined later on, and we met during one of the European tours where I was a stage performer for the band. We got married as soon as we got off the tour and have been together ever since.

What was it about Adrian that attracted you?
Six-four, long black hair, tattooed Swedish hellion…what's not to like? On top of that we have the same sense of humor. We enjoy pranks, partying and adventure, so we're the perfect match.

You must be. You're even in a band with him.
Yeah, Nemhain! We're writing our second album. And I've acted in a few horror films over the years. I had a small part in *Cradle of Fear*. I played a main character in *Nature Morte*; the director came across my website by chance and contacted me to appear in the film on the strength of a picture of me in a bath of blood! It was a great experience, and I really enjoy acting, although it's not something I've ever pursued.

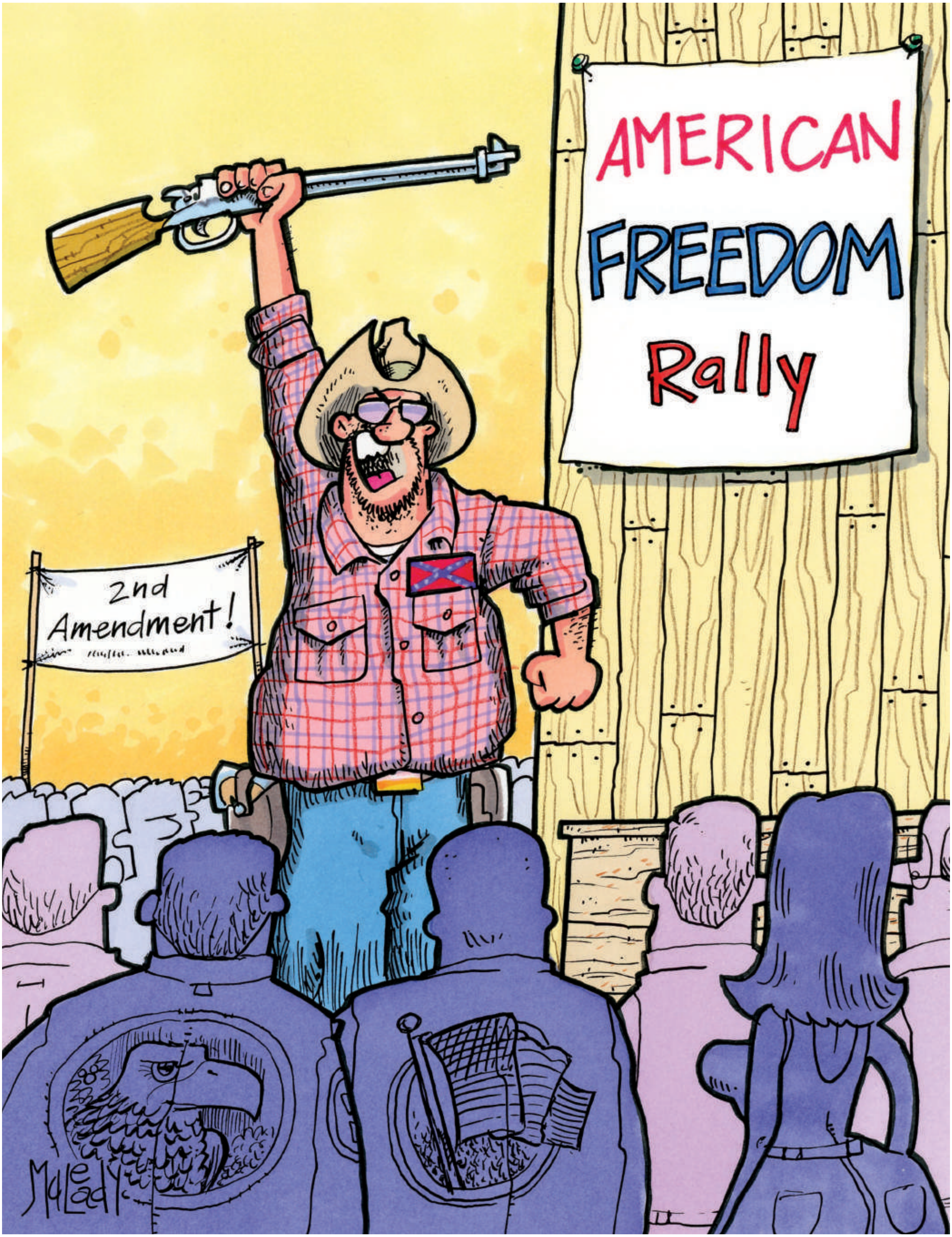
In your dominatrix work, you're sure to have come across some important people.
That would be telling, but yes, there have been a few high-profile people at my mercy.

And you must have some wild backstage stories.
I don't like to go into detail, but there was once a situation with a very attractive lady and a big black strap-on.

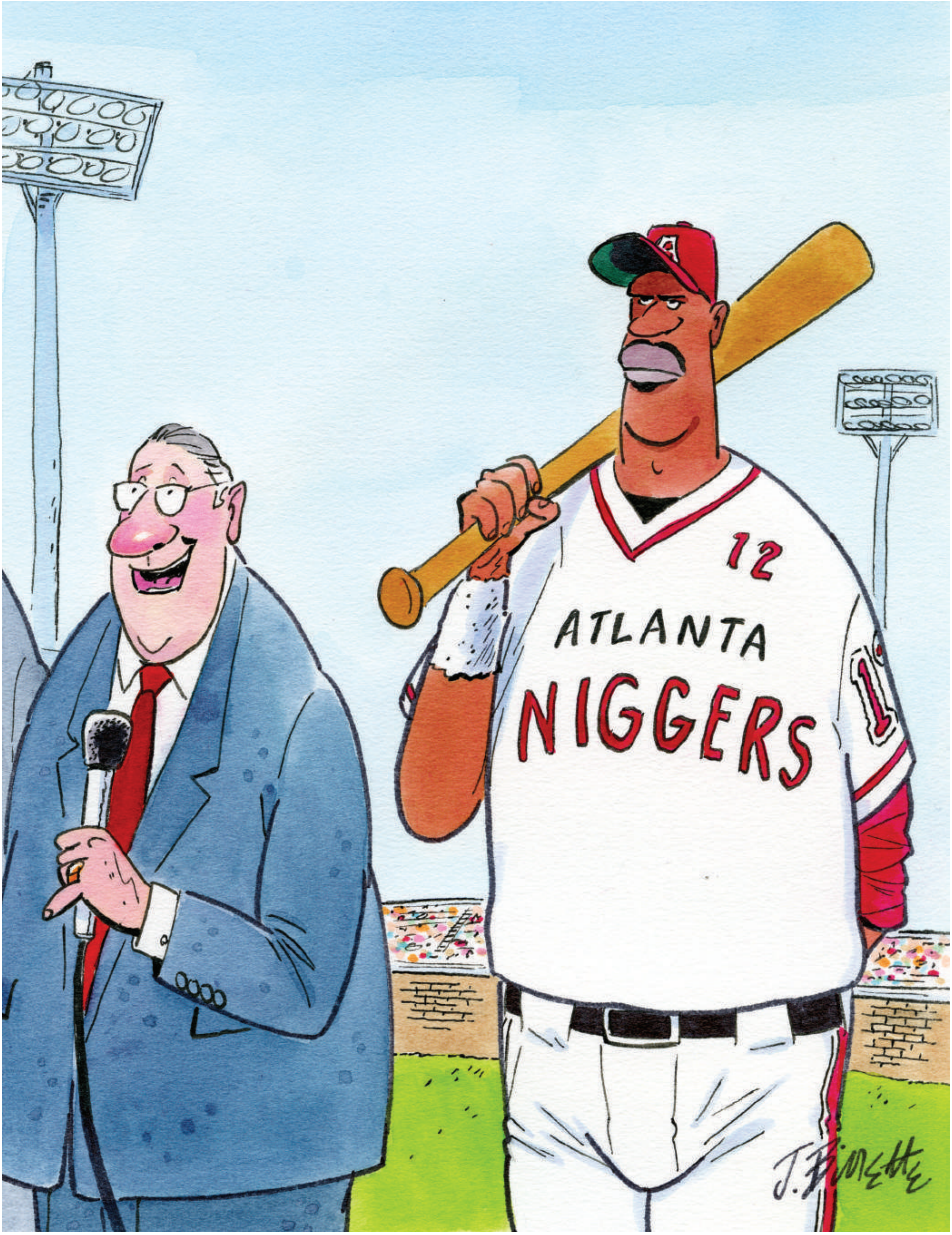
A groupie?
Not exactly, though we do have some pretty enthusiastic fans. Once a girl pinned me up against the bar and tried to have her way with me while we were trying to move our equipment out of the venue.

Please say you at least beat her a little.
Ha! No, sorry. **H**

Worship the Mistress @MsMorriganHel, Twitter, @MorriganHel, Instagram, and on ***MorriganHel.com****.*


AMERICAN
FREEDOM
Rally
2nd
Amendment!
McLeady

"I love America, but now they tell me I can't exercise my God-given right to shoot unarmed black men! Fucking Obama is stealing our freedoms!"


A
12
ATLANTA
NIGGERS

“The Atlanta Braves baseball organization will break with our proud tradition and change the team name! We will no longer denigrate Native Americans.”

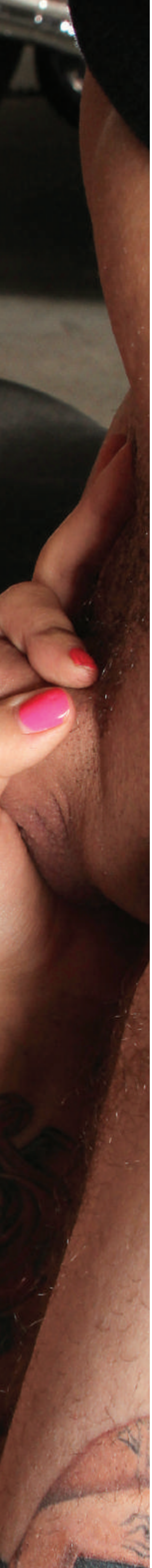
EMILY
PARKER

SWEETHEART

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

With all my tattoos, people automatically assume that I'm dominant and into all sorts of weird, kinky, alternative sex. I may look like a hard-ass, but I'm super affectionate. I love spooning. I don't go around licking toilet seats. I have a one-cock-at-a-time rule. In college, I was an opera singer.

"It's funny that I'm in porn because I don't watch it. I just like being naked on camera. When I was first thinking about getting into the industry, I wanted to make sure I'd be comfortable. I went to a sex club with my friends, jumped onstage naked and found out I was a total pervert. If you can do that, you can do anything! I enjoy sex the most when I'm getting fucked doggy with my arms held behind me. I call it 'Fuck me like a whore.' My fantasy is to be Megan Fox because everyone wants to fuck her. She's hot, but dumb as a bucket of shrimp, so I'd like to be interesting as well."



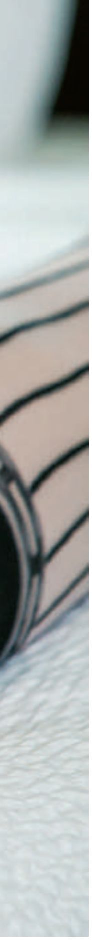
GEORGIA JONES

UNMASKED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TAMMY SANDS

I love gardening in my panties—topless. I love training dogs and I'm really good at it. I've been known to write dirty emails that would have you on your knees. I also have a bit of an affinity for silent alone-time. I like to hear myself think. And I love to masturbate.

"Having sex while driving really fast cars is always a rush! That's usually best with a guy though. Lesbian road head does not work! An ex-GF and myself got it on onstage at the House of Blues, Hollywood, during the show of a pretty well-known rock band. I'll leave their name out of it because their lawyers were kind of mad afterward. And by 'got it on,' I do mean full-blown lesbian sex."



Trick or treat?
xoxo,
Georgia

HUSTLER®
HONEY

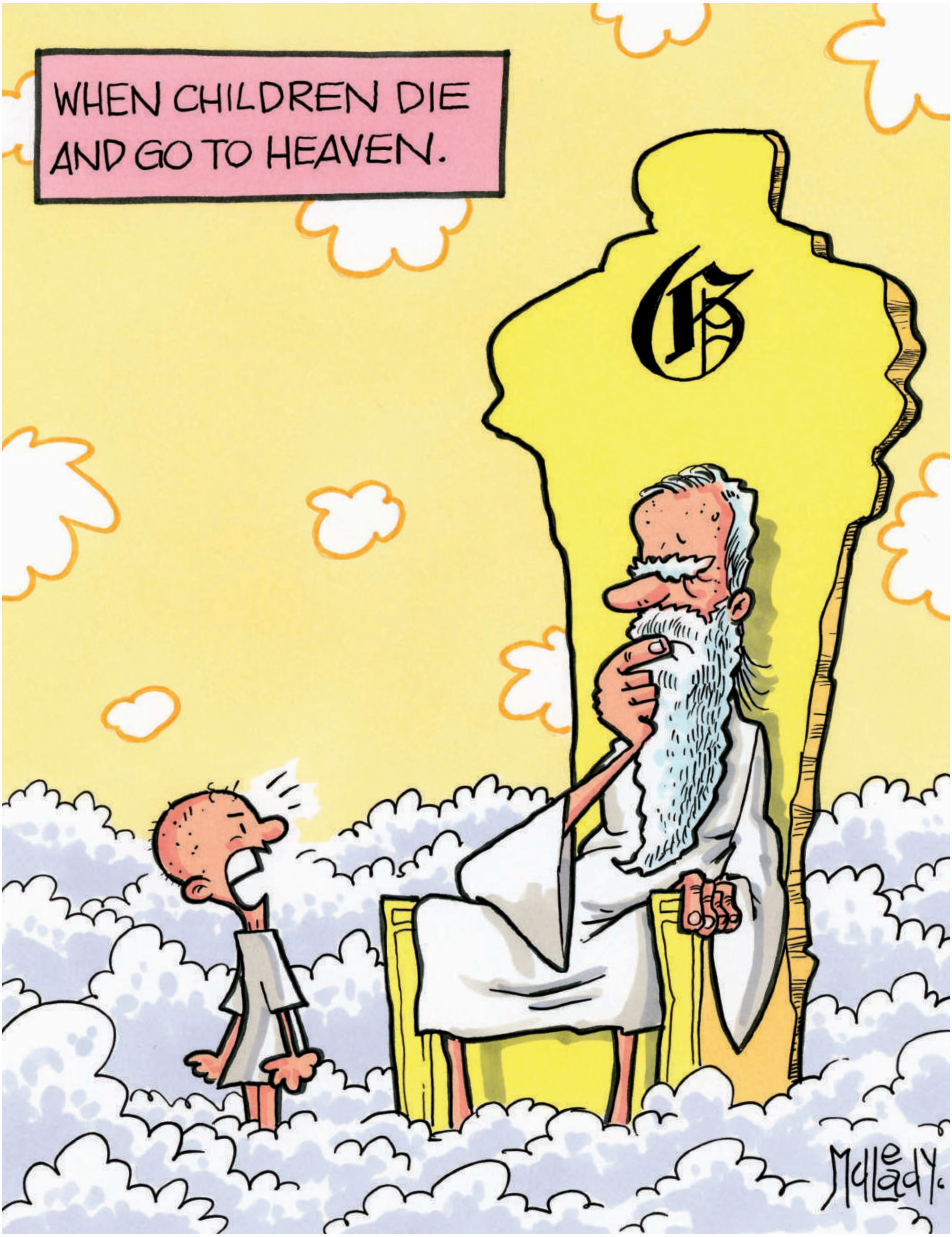
OCTOBER 2016

CALL ME AT 1-800-HUSTLER

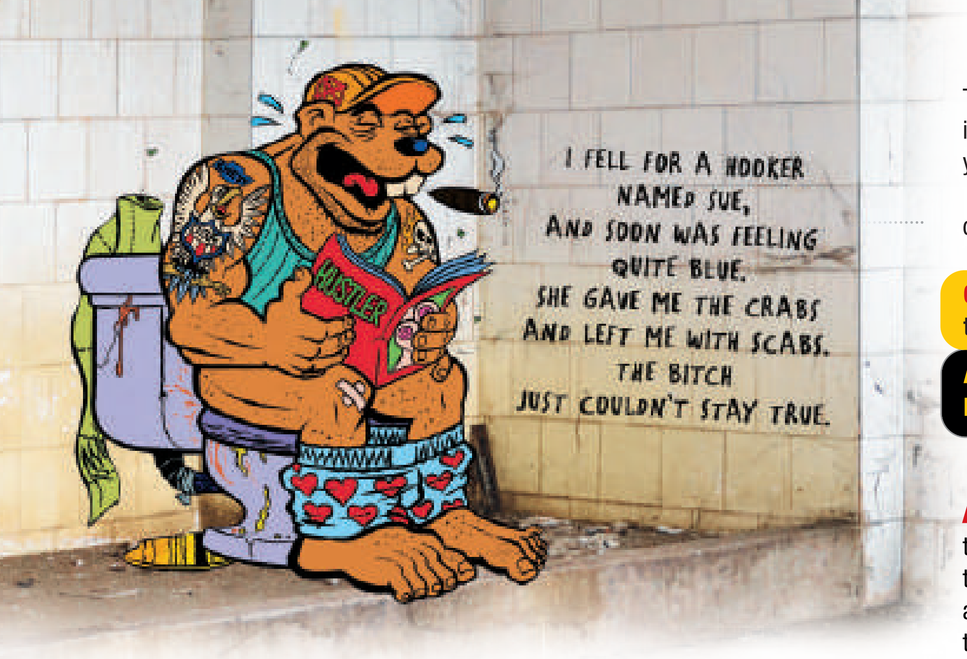
(1-800-487-8537)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER
COST $3.99/MINUTE

GEORGIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Alma, Arkansas** | AGE: **28**
HEIGHT: **5-7** | MEASUREMENTS: **32A-22-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**
TWITTER/INSTAGRAM: **@XoGeorgiaJones**


WHEN CHILDREN DIE
AND GO TO HEAVEN.
G
McLeady.

"Thanks for giving me leukemia and letting me die a slow, painful death before I had a chance to get laid, asshole!"



Lisa, a romantic woman, sent her husband a text: "If you're sleeping, send me your dreams. If you're laughing, send me your smile. If you're eating, send me a bite. If you're crying, send me your tears. I love you!"

The husband replied, "I'm on the toilet. Please advise."

Following a long night of heavy drinking, Bubba woke up to find possibly the ugliest woman he'd ever seen sleeping beside him. Aghast, he slipped his arm out from under her, got up and dressed as fast and as quietly as he could.

Stopping only to leave a $50 bill on the bureau, he began to tiptoe out, but suddenly felt a tug on his pant leg. Looking down, he saw a woman just as ugly as the one in the bed, only a few decades older.

"What?" she asked with a toothless grin. "Nothing for the mother-of-the-bride?"

Question: Why are only 30% of women admitted into heaven?

Answer: Any more and it'd be pure hell.

Tim, a midget from Texas, had a constant pain in his groin area, so finally he went to see a doctor.

The sympathetic doctor agreed to take a look. He asked the little dude to drop his pants, hop up on the examination table and stand tall. Then he put one finger under the midget's left testicle and told him to turn his head and cough, the usual method of checking for a hernia.

"Hmm," mumbled the doctor. He put his finger under the midget's right testicle and again asked him to cough. "Aha!" he cried, reaching for his surgical scissors.

Tim was so scared he closed his eyes. *Snip-snip-snip* on the right side. *Snip-snip-snip* on the left side.

Finished, the doctor asked the midget to walk around the room to check if his testicles still hurt.

Tim was delighted to discover that his balls no longer ached. "I feel great now. Thank you! And the most amazing thing is that I didn't even feel a thing! What did you do?"

"I cut two inches off the top of your cowboy boots."

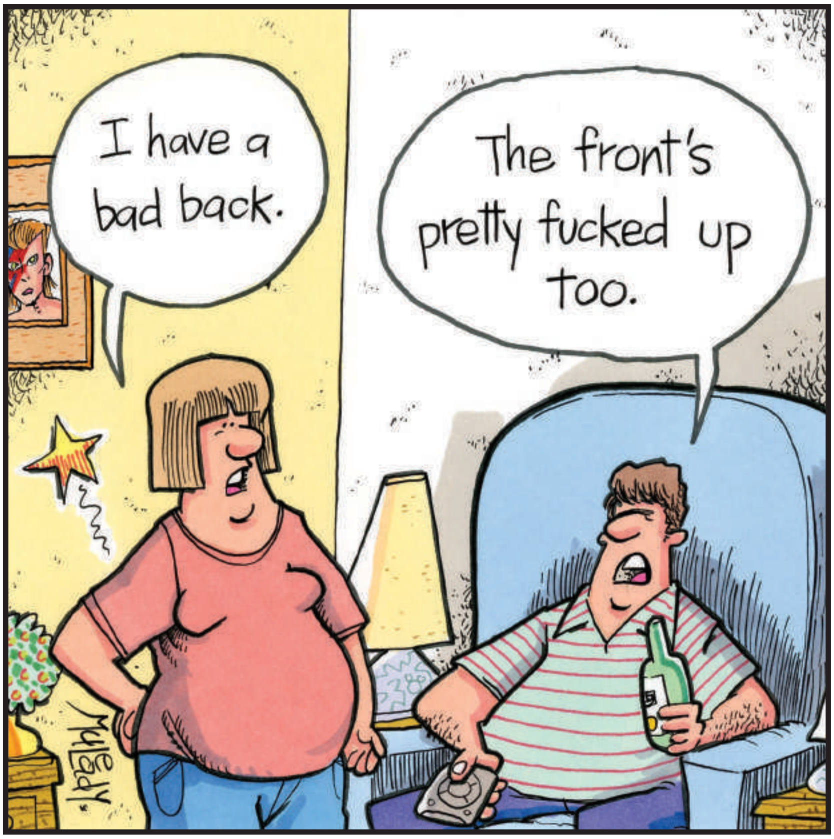
Question: What's the difference between Trump's hair and a wet raccoon?

Answer: A wet raccoon has a soul, a brain and isn't a racist, sexist pig.

A priest and a rabbi were hearing confessions together. They listened to three women confess to committing adultery three times. The priest told each woman to say ten Hail Marys and to put $10 in the collection plate.

Then the rabbi took over so the priest could use the restroom. A Catholic woman came in confessing to two instances of adultery. "Mazel tov!" exclaimed the rabbi. "We're running a special—three for $10!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!


I have a bad back.
The front's pretty fucked up too.

LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CASINO
SM
LOS ANGELES
You don't have to go to Vegas to gamble.

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800

Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 04.12.10

ERIK GRIFFIN IS A WORKING MAN'S COMIC. HE CONSTANTLY HONES HIS CRAFT ONSTAGE. HE LOVES THE CLIPPERS. HE LOVES HIS MOTHER. HE'LL TAKE HIS MOVIE REVIEWS FROM REAL PEOPLE OVER CRITICS ANY DAY. THE MAN WHO BROUGHT *WORKAHOLICS*' MONTEZ TO CULT STATUS RECENTLY STOPPED BY OUR CUBICLES TO TALK ABOUT THE PRESIDENT OF COMEDY, WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE IT IN ENTERTAINMENT TODAY AND BEATING SOMEONE TO DEATH WITH A DOUBLE-ENDED DILDO. WHILE HE WAS HERE, WE CHALLENGED GRIFFIN TO COMPLETE A FEW SIMPLE OFFICE ASSIGNMENTS ...AMID SOME HUSTLER-STYLE DISTRACTIONS. HE FAILED MISERABLY. >>

ERIK GRIFFIN WORKAHOLIC

INTERVIEW BY LEE KEELER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORRIS SMITH

OFFICE ASSISTANTS CINDY STARFALL & KIMBER WOODS

HUSTLER: So you were born and raised in L.A.?
ERIK GRIFFIN: Yeah, if you can believe that. Born and raised in Los Angeles. And now in the entertainment business. [*Laughs.*]

Did you always want to do comedy?
Funny thing is, my mom said that she asked me what I wanted to be when I was in third or fourth grade, and I said I wanted to be a comedian. I have no recollection of that. I wasn't the class clown. I just had a knack for making people laugh, even as a kid. Then it became a thing, like, "Damn? Can I do this for real? Can I get paid?"

Did you have a particular—
Influence? Oh, for sure. The biggest influence for me ever was Eddie Murphy. And it was not even *Delirious*; it was actually the movie *Raw*. When I got the VHS, I watched it so many times that I could've repeated it from memory from beginning to end. I remember seeing him on *Saturday Night Live* and being in awe. Here's this guy, he's young, and he's doing all these characters. God, and then his movies. It was *Trading Places* and *Raw* that made me go, "I wanna be like Eddie Murphy." I'm not necessarily on that trajectory, but he was a major influence.

The first comedy album I ever bought was Martin Lawrence's *Talkin' Shit*. He's been coming back to The Comedy Store recently. You tag-team at The Comedy Store, meaning there's no host, and he was a special guest, and I was up next. So it was great when I went up there and shook his hand and said, "*Talkin' Shit* was the first comedy album I ever bought," and he was like, "My man!" For me, that was a moment. Here's somebody I admired growing up, who I thought was a hilarious stand-up, and then suddenly he's bringing *me* onstage.

***Payaso Comedy Slam* was a nice break for you. What was the path to that point like?**
I started doing comedy when I was 22. I went to a comedy class with the support of my mom. My mom's always been really supportive. If I said, "I want to be a rock climber," she would be the one buying me some ropes and signing me up for classes at The Learning Annex, saying, "Okay, let's try this." Because she wanted me to do something. I wasn't a good student in general. But I went to this comedy class at UCLA extension that was taught by Sandi Shore, who is the daughter of Mitzi Shore, the owner of The Comedy Store. The graduation for the class was a showcase at the Original Room at the club. So I'm up on this stage, y'know, doing these horrible jokes, now that I think back to them. I remember after that first set, they had a real show, and the first comic who went up was Carlos Mencia.

Wow.
Yeah, Carlos Mencia goes up, and he's doing these pretty basic jokes about Taco Bell not being Mexican food. And I'm thinking, *Y'know what? I can probably do this.* Then he brought up Chris Tucker.

That was your *first* show?
Yeah, yeah. At the time Chris Tucker had just blown up. *Def Jam* was at its height, he had just toured, and he had done *Friday* already. He was such a force onstage, and when I saw him, it was like, *I don't know if I can do this.*

Then it was just a lot of open mics and it being kind of a pipe dream. I always say, if I can give advice to young performers, it's that you have to know you can make it. It's something that has to be within you. You have to have that in you to drive you, because if you don't, it's a pipe dream. And if you have that mentality, you're never gonna make it. At that time, when I was 22? Just a pipe dream. So I stopped.

And became a teacher?
I was like the everyman at the school, y'know? I taught yearbook. I worked in the office. I was a librarian for a little while. I coached basketball. I did a lot of different things while I was there, but it just wasn't something that I wanted to do. It wasn't my passion.

So cut to eight years after I quit stand-up—I felt like, "I don't wanna wake up when I'm 50 and think that I didn't follow my dreams." I had this job; I didn't want to be there, but I was trying to make some safe choices, y'know. I had the worst boss in history. He taught me the difference between a job and a career. A job is something that you do to

pay bills. A career is something that you love, something you really desire that moves you. I had a little savings, and like I said, my mom's always been supportive. So I thought, *I should go for this.* And I learned that I could survive. You just learn to be frugal. I took acting classes, got a commercial agent. Then in about 2004 I went to the Seattle Comedy Competition. I think I came in fifth or sixth place, but it taught me how to audition. Around 2006 I was at this shitty show deep in the hood. At that time the only ones that paid were the Latino rooms. They were the only ones where you got about 50 or a hundred dollars for doing comedy in L.A. That's really the only place where I could get stage time, because I'm an urban and ethnic comic. And Alex Reymundo saw me there and invited me out for *Payaso*. In 2008 I did *Live at Gotham*, and that's where I got my first agent, T.J. Markwalter at Gersh. I'm always gonna believe that he believed in me. Gersh themselves, they wouldn't sign me. He was kinda hip-pocketing me. Through his reputation I became a headliner. Then 2010 I auditioned for *Workaholics*.

“A JOB IS SOMETHING THAT YOU DO TO PAY BILLS. A CAREER IS SOMETHING THAT YOU LOVE, SOMETHING YOU REALLY DESIRE THAT MOVES YOU.”

Would you teach again?
I wouldn't. What I really would want to do is, if I get myself to a point where I'm in the last job I'll ever need, just working because I want to, I wanna finish school. I want to get my degree in psychology, and I can see myself ending up with a psychology practice, y'know? Helping people work through their problems. It's something I've always done anyway. A lot of my friends and family come to me with their issues, and I have the brain for it. I understand their perspectives, and I'm intuitive about their lives. I would do that and maybe learn an instrument.

If you could only pick one term to describe yourself, would it be *stand-up* or *actor*?
See, that's an interesting question, because I feel like they're both very much hand in hand. I believe that when you're doing stand-up, you're performing. You're acting like your heightened self. I'm always gonna love stand-up because it's just me; it's my thoughts, my words, my performance. It's all on me. But at the same time I think that I'm an actor as well, because I like taking other people's words and giving them life.

With stand-up, you want to be personally connected to whatever you're talking about, and that's emotions. Like if you're angry. If I'm talking about Trump and I'm disgusted with him, I have to reach that level every single time I get onstage and I'm running that joke. In its own way, that's acting.

***Workaholics* seemed to be a turning point in your career.**
I'll never forget that. I learned a lot about myself and how you should be from auditioning for that show. I remember the callback: When I walked in, it was all these people who are on other shows and movies. And I was like, *Oh, shit, I'm not gonna get this.* That was my first thought. It was like, *Oh, there's a dude from* George Lopez *show, there's a dude from that Will Ferrell movie. There's the guy from* Boston Legal*. What the fuck am I doing here?* At the same time I know I killed it. So then, after that, I realized that you always have a chance. Never think you don't. It goes back to what I was saying about believing in yourself all the way.

Y'know, one of my best friends in the world is [comedian] Chris D'Elia. He's on the show *Undateable*. I remember being in the car with him, and he said to me, “This is the best show. I'm on the best show on TV.” And the way he said it to me, I had a moment of wanting to be like, “Are you fucking kidding me?! Do you watch that show?” But then I thought, *Of course. He has to think that.* And the thing about him is that I know he believes it. That's why he gives a hundred percent, and I just admire that about him. No matter what you're doing, you have to believe it's the best.

From “stingray coochie” to “ass salad,” you seem to have the best lines in *Workaholics*. Is that “on the page, on the stage” or coming from you?
Oh, a lot of that is written. There's only a few things that I've really—like I was originally supposed to say “stingray *pussy*,” but they figured we better not say that on TV. So, yeah, I got all these dumb lines. “White people love smoovies.” I get that all the time, white kids Snapchatting me, “I'm drinking a smoothie!”

Which leads to our next question: What is the worst kind of *Workaholics* fan?
Um, a *Workaholics* fan. [*Laughs.*] It's the bro who thinks that the show's a documentary. So when they see me, they don't see me; they see Montez. Then they ask me questions like, “Yo, man? Why you sell them a brokeass hovercraft?” They talk to me as if they can't even separate the two. A lot of it is, they really relate to those boys, whose chemistry is unbelievable. That's why the show works. They're the Three Stooges; they have a chemistry that's tangible. They're also using their real names; it is Adam, Blake and Anders. So when fans see me, they think that I'm a part of that. “Oh, you're smoking weed on set, right?” No! >>

Considering what Montez has gone through for his marriage, do you think his wife would be cool with him appearing in HUSTLER?
Oh, yes! Please. She would be mad that she wasn't here, for sure. The things that they've gone through? She woulda set it up.

I mean, you did beat Karl with her double-ended dildo.
It was surprisingly heavy. I was surprised by how heavy it was. That thing really is a weapon; you really could beat someone to death with that thing.

With some of your earlier material, you've dealt with race and people having misconceptions about your background. What's the strangest audition you've had in that regard?
The strangest audition? It was when I walked in, and it was all models. And I thought to myself, *Finally. People can see how cute I am.* [*Laughs.*] But I didn't see in my peripheral vision that there were these four really odd-looking guys. I walk up to the table: "I'm not sure. Where should I go?" She looks at me and just points to the weird guys, "Um, Turkish foreman." It's always, like, ethnic or just weird. When they put out a call for "Send us everybody," that's when I go in. Like nobody's writing anything for me. No one's going, "Hey, let's bring a mixed-race, racially ambiguous guy in." That's just not something a bigger studio is likely to do. They do something specific, "We want someone black, we want someone white, we want someone *this*." So I have to go in and change their minds and show them something different. That's always my goal.

I'm kind of surprised by that. Given how incredible you are as a performer, I figured screenwriters would be lined up to write a project with you in mind.
The business is still the same. If that were the case, you wouldn't have the problem of #OscarsSoWhite. So, no, screenwriters aren't doing that. They're still doing the same thing: white, blue eyes, blond hair, tall.... It's either that kind of movie or some white-guilt movie on the other side.

Anything else you've been up to?
I was at Sundance this year for a little part in a movie called *First Girl I Loved*. This little movie about a lesbian relationship, this young girl in high school. It won an Audience Award. Kerem Sanga directed that, and I was proud to have been part of it.

You've lost some weight. Is that something you're doing for your image?
I keep going up and down. If I don't stay active, I gain weight. I'm on this new show on Showtime; it's called *I'm Dying Up Here*, Jim Carrey's show. I'm supposed to be a big guy in that. So I'm just too comfortable. But I want to be in better shape.

In your stand-up you've talked about Fat Jesus, and you've talked about 20-year-old pussy. Do you have a genuine fascination with American semiotics, or are these just bits that you find work on a universal level?
I think a lot of it is that I get to the point where I can express what I feel about whatever subject. Some of these things are taboo, like, "Can you really talk about that?" And I find a way to talk about it. I'm very much against the PC police. These are the kind of things I think about. Fat Jesus, the point of shedding light on that is that if you're fat, you might not have been able to accomplish all the things you set out to accomplish. I just want you to think. That's my premise. But some people tend to take things out of context. They hear buzzwords. That's the whole reason people need to just *listen* through a whole bit. I think the most useless profession is being a critic.

Why is that?
When I was a kid, I listened to *Siskel & Ebert*, okay? I didn't know what X movie was about, so I wanted to hear some professionals tell me about this movie. I don't need that anymore. Because of the internet, a hundred thousand people are gonna go see the movie, and then I can see what they think. And I'm more in line with the masses than I am a couple of pretentious fucks. [*Laughs.*] You can quote me. 'Cause that's how they are.

In terms of comedy, we've recently seen backpack-wearing mumble-nerds come up. You're very much part of the club system, something more raw, where you have to adapt to a room rather than relying on notes. Do you think this movement has helped to expand comedy, or do you think it's diluting the purity of the craft?
I don't think it's diluting; it's *specializing*. Look, the reason why nerds have taken over is because they're smart and educated. The people who write columns, they go to Harvard, and they know how to get their message out there. And they're pushing it, y'know? And then you have the people in the club scenes, and maybe they're not blogging. They're not adapting to this new media. And one's not better than the other to me. I mean, you can't have alternative without mainstream. So I don't think it's diluting it at all; I think it's just not as funny as they think it is. It's a different type of performance; that's all it is. But those are the kind of people who become critics [*laughs*].

You've stated that you appreciate the Louis C.K. model of eliminating the middleman. Do you have any ambitions in that regard?
Yeah, of course! I would love to get directly to my audience, but I just don't know what my audience is yet. It's difficult because people know me from being on this really crazy, young person's show, but that's not necessarily my audience. I'm in the process of trying to sell my hour special so I can get to my real comedy crowd.

This is the only business where you have to continuously prove yourself. Entertainment is the only business where the people who fail at it or are not very good at it *run* it. That's the only business like that. 'Cause, like, if I worked at a hospital, if I failed out of medical school, I'm not gonna be chief of surgery, 'kay? If I killed six people on an operating table? I'm not gonna be running the hospital. But in the entertainment business you could be head of a studio or you become a casting director or.... Any way we can cut out those clowns, the better.

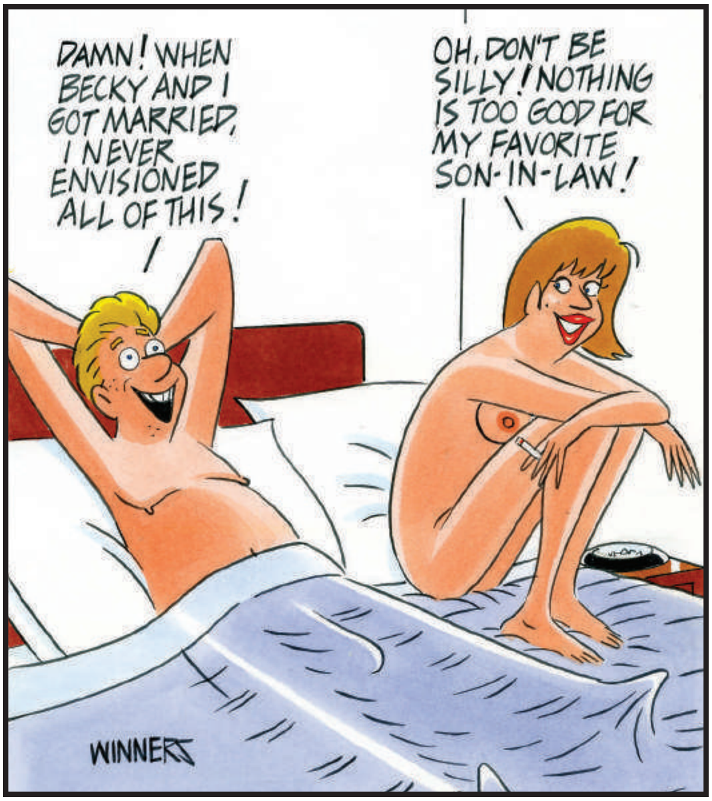
But aren't some former performers in Hollywood the good guys?
Yeah, of course. Larry David, he used to be a comic, and he became this great writer-producer. There's a lot of people like that. But it's still crazy that the industry is mostly run by people telling you what's funny. I feel like networks, whoever's running them and deciding what goes on TV, should be run more like a football team. Like if you were three for fifteen in a season for three seasons in a row, you would be fired as the GM. Okay, you're done. But not in the TV world! A major studio, ten of the thirty shows they put out never make it past a pilot. And then that person still has their job the next year. It's crazy. Even at Comedy Central it should change. Whoever's deciding "These are the specials"? That should change every few years. The tastemakers should change so you can get a different feel.

It should be an elected position, who runs the acquisitions for Comedy Central. Then we could get some of these suits campaigning…"I wanna do *this* type of comedy and *this* type of comedy." They think that they have the eyes and ears of the people, but a lot of times they don't.

Who would be president then? Who is the President of Comedy?
Right now it'd be Jerrod Carmichael. He'd be the guy. He'd be the Obama, the new tastemaker.

I heard you like Vegas?
I'm a craps guy. I love playing craps. But it's getting harder and harder to go to Vegas the more famous you get. Of course, the same kinda idiots that go to Vegas? Those are *Workaholics* fans. H

Follow this passionate man on Twitter and Instagram @ErikGriffin, and laugh at the hilarious Montez on Comedy Central's smash hit Workaholics*.*


DAMN! WHEN BECKY AND I GOT MARRIED, I NEVER ENVISIONED ALL OF THIS!
OH, DON'T BE SILLY! NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR MY FAVORITE SON-IN-LAW!
WINNERS

LOOK, BUD– JUST BECAUSE YOUR DAD CAME OUT AND YOUR THREE UNCLES ARE HOMOS DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU ARE. LET ME ASK, DOES ANYONE IN YOUR FAMILY LIKE PUSSY?
MY SISTER DOES.
J. Bilsette

THE DONALD

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STEVE MATTHEWS. STARRING: SUBIL ARCH, NATASHA STARR, SKYLAR MADISON, ALYSSA LYNN, BRITNEY AMBER, CHRISTIE STEVENS, EVAN STONE, DONNIE ROCK, MARK ZANE & STEVEN LUCAS.

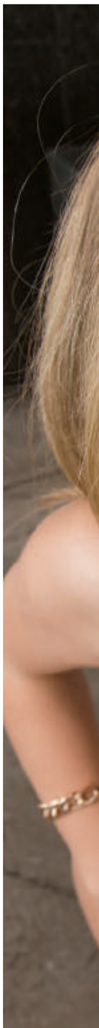
While Donald Trump's Presidential campaign has done its worst to tear apart the fabric of this nation, *The Donald* does its best to send viewers tearing at their zippers. Central to this erotic political parody is Evan Stone. Stone does a passable impression of Trump as a squinty-eyed, Cheeto-skinned megalomaniac whose nipples harden at the thought of power and whose idea of foreplay is skimming through *Mein Kampf for Idiots* before getting down to the business of screwing the electorate. In the first scene, that electorate consists of Subil Arch and Natasha Starr, a pair of piping-hot twats who suck and finger each other sillier than Trump's actual supporters. Stone eventually whips out the Trump Tower dangling between his legs and hammers his point deep between the curtains of Starr and Arch's polling booths. *The Donald* smartly parodies Trump's reality-TV background with a sequence titled "Celebrity Political Apprentice," in which Ted Cruz and Marco Rubio stand-ins vie for the Vice Presidential position by fervently drilling into a pair of Aryan-grade blondes. As it turns out, there's also a female race for the Number 2 spot, in the form of Sarah Palin substitute Britney Amber and Alyssa Lynn, who plays a dominatrix-themed variation on Carly Fiorina. Lynn fucks up Amber's snatch like Fiorina devastated Hewlett-Packard; luckily in this case the mess left behind is limited to a stain on a bed comforter. Either way, the American public is screwed once again this election season. If you're of the mind-set that politicians should go fuck themselves, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com** to order *The Donald*. **—Pico D. Ribibi**

ALYSSA LYNN & BRITNEY AMBER

NATASHA STARR & SUBIL ARCH

SKYLAR MADISON

CHRISTIE STEVENS



SWEET PETITE VOLUME 3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILLIAM H. STARRING: KIMMY GRANGER, ALEX GREY, JOJO KISS, TRISHA PARKS, MICK BLUE, MARKUS DUPREE, JESSY JONES & MR. PETE.

If you're a believer in big things coming on small packages, look no further than *Sweet Petite 3*, in which pint-size sexpots have their compact frames put to the test by the rigorous, fleshy inspection of industrial-grade tools. Some of the packages, alas, seem to have arrived slightly damaged. Case in point: lead-off cum-catcher Kimmy Granger, who's otherwise groin-stirring figure is marred by a glaring constellation of moles. If one were blind, one could dismiss those shortcomings and possibly find an intriguing bit of body-braille to read. But the protrusions prove a distraction for those with a functioning pair of eyeballs. Still, Granger eagerly chokes down as much of her partner's meat-mast as she can manage and, like a clown car in reverse, welcomes more cock into her bitch-ditch than seems humanly possible. Flaxen-tressed sexpot Alex Grey ups the aesthetic ante. Her legs part wide with a contortionist's flexibility as her snatch swallows a dick possessing the approximate dimensions of a Pringles canister. One wonders if Grey has trained her jaw to unhinge as she wraps her pretty, dimple-chinned mug around the monstrous prick she's been tasked with draining. Auburn-haired Jojo Kiss sports a tight, rubbery backside made for slapping and a set of delectably pendulous tits—delightful attributes that are unfortunately offset by her slack-jawed, cow-eyed stare. *Sweet Petite 3* packs big thrills, albeit with some small imperfections. **—P.D.R.**

TRISHA PARKS

KIMMY GRANGER

AIRTIGHT

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MARC WESTON. STARRING: NATASHA STARR, BIANCA BREEZE, LAYLA PRICE, EVAN STONE, MARCO BANDERAS, ALEC KNIGHT, OTTO BAUER & JOHN STRONG.

A celebration of sexual multitasking, *Airtight* explores the not-delicate-at-all art of drilling a chick's pussy, ass and mouth simultaneously. In an age when the internet offers all manner of outré carnal offerings, the video takes a left-field approach and showcases its sex scenes via the lens of that quaintest of masturbatory venues, the peep-show booth. Needless to say, a cum-encrusted coin slot is the least of the grooves to get filled. As might be expected, the women who submit to a triple-stuffing here don't exactly exude girl-next-door qualities. Cock-socket Natasha Starr looks like she might have taken on a biker train or two at Sturgis, but she shows a ton of sexual moxie, gamely pounding her nose against a dude's groin as she attempts to deep-throat his towering cum-cannon. As she's put through her paces by a trio of cock-slingers, her body sheens with an ever-thickening coat of sweat, jizz and drool. Statuesque redhead Bianca Breeze, whose puffy, dangling meat curtains look like the entry flaps to a big-top tent, helpfully crams a few fingers into her own dung chute, easing the way for anal intrusion. Breeze's sexual accomplices fold and twist her lanky frame like origami as they plunder her orifices. Thoroughly sealed if not always entirely fresh, the women of *Airtight* definitely give viewers their money's worth. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—P.D.R.**

NATASHA STARR

BIANCA BREEZE

LAYLA PRICE

CAMERON DEE

BOMBSHELL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

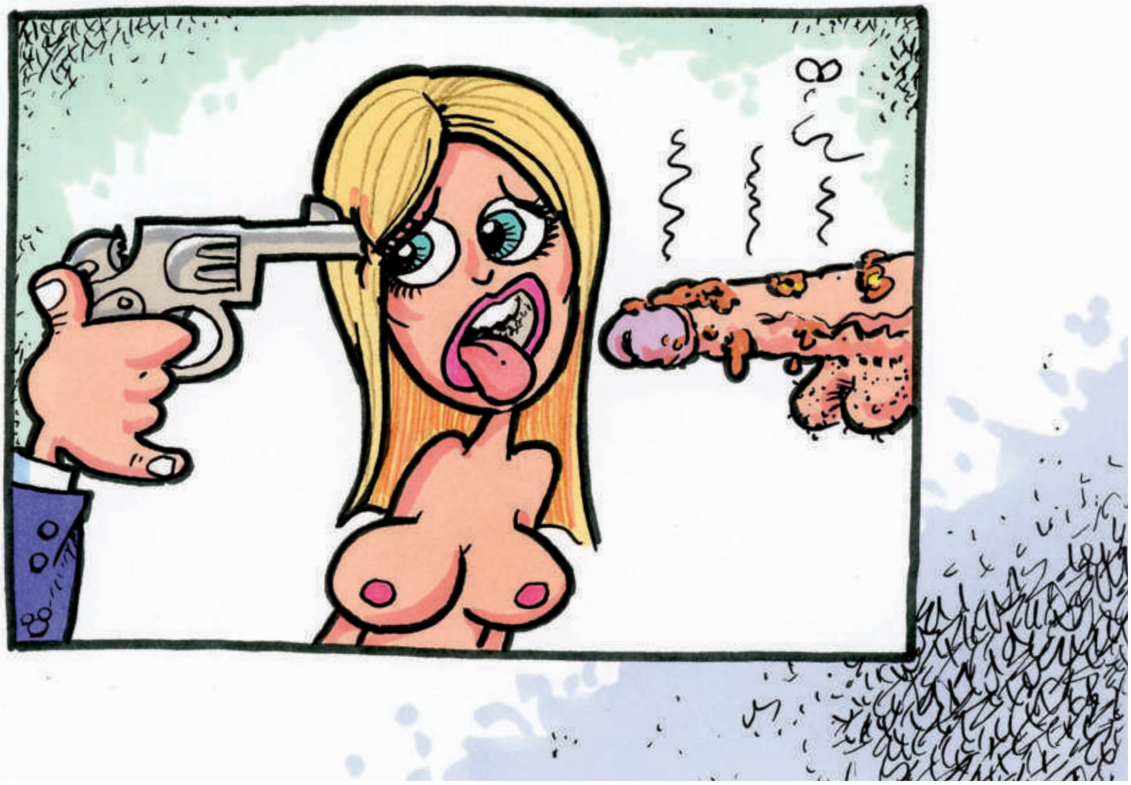
You're not supposed to fuck your friends—not if you want to stay friends. But I had sex with my best girlfriend and her guy. He was fucking me, and she was sucking his dick, and it was awesome.

"I try to stay close to anything that makes me glad I'm alive. These days it's heavy metal, friends, barbecue and my naked booty poolside. I'm into dick—hot dick. If a guy looks good to me, I'll fuck him like he's never been fucked. The same is true when it comes to girls. My biggest problem these days is that I tend to get stopped at airports for 'random' bomb screening. So, yeah, life is hella good."

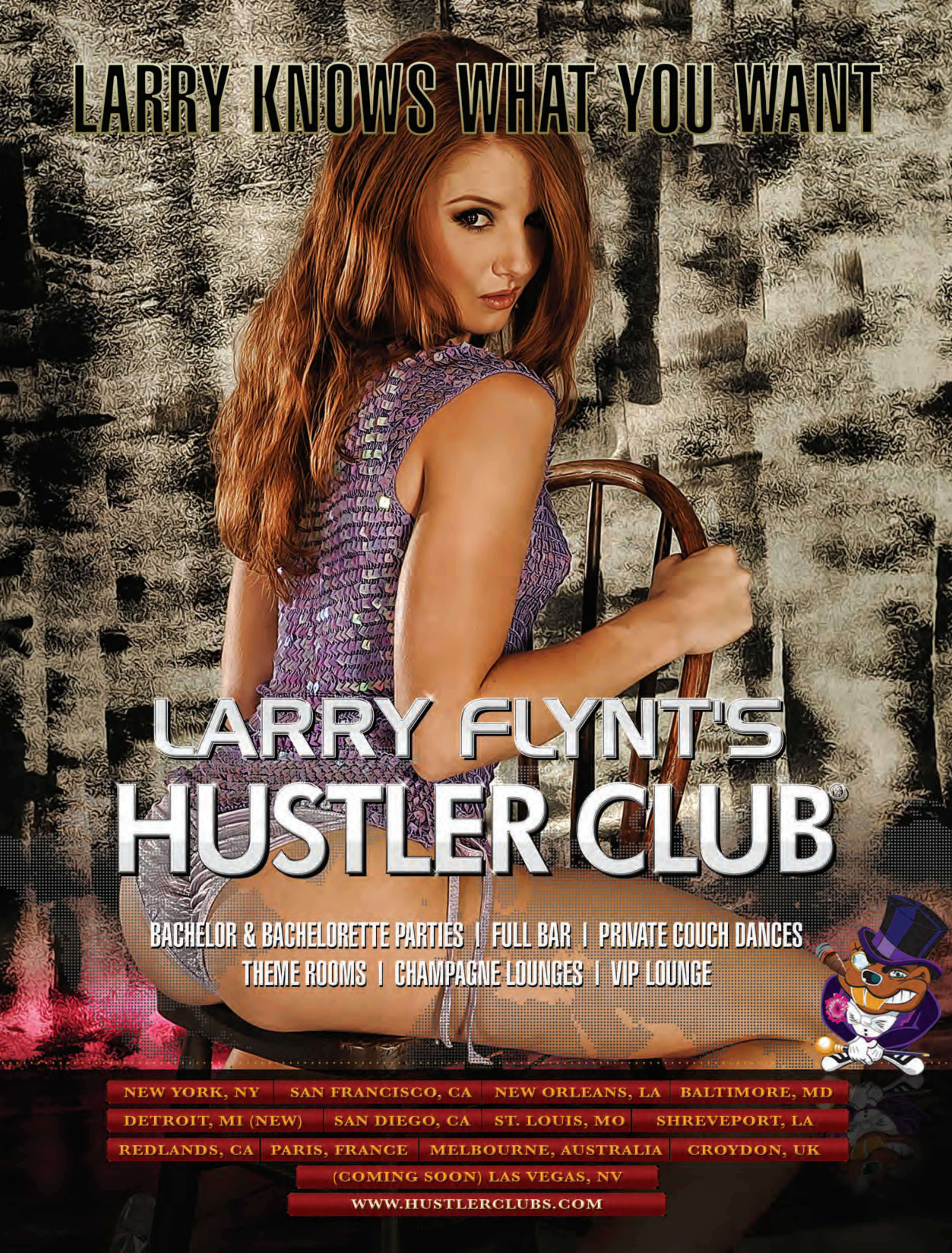
HUSTLER MAGAZINE'S ONE-STEP PROGRAM:

How to get a girl to suck your dick after you've fucked her in the ass.

STEP 1. Place the barrel of the gun firmly against the girl's temple.



Malleady.



LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE

NEW YORK, NY | SAN FRANCISCO, CA | NEW ORLEANS, LA | BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW) | SAN DIEGO, CA | ST. LOUIS, MO | SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA | PARIS, FRANCE | MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA | CROYDON, UK
(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV
WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

HEATHER

Germany isn't merely the birthplace of the beer drinkers' bacchanal known as Oktoberfest. That's where Heather was born, but the "outgoing and extremely blunt" 25-year-old has spent most of her life in Killeen, Texas—and countless hours with a local inkster known as Puppet. "I have always loved body art," the 5-foot-7 exotic dancer explains. "It's not just for looks. My tattoos show who I am and what I truly have a heart for. They all having meaning, love and hope behind them." Heather adds, "I'm a bit on the nerdy side. I love *Reba*, *The Big Bang Theory* and Marvel movies. Thor is *sooo* hot!" She's also fond of country music, horseback riding, hiking and rolls in the hay. "I'm bi and up for anything, especially threesomes and anal," Heather gushes. "My fantasy is to be the sex slave of a man I meet at a party. I don't care if other people are around or we're alone somewhere. I just want him to take me and have a fucking good time!" *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"I love burying my face in a twat while I'm getting fucked doggy-style!"

Facebook.com/Heather.M.Loop

CARMEN

Next to break into nude modeling is Carmen, 25, a "fierce, passionate, ambitious and creative" librarian from Muncie, Indiana. "I want to inspire men everywhere," professes the 5-foot-2 cutie, whose life is an open book. "I'm a sushi, coffee and teas addict," Carmen tells us. "My favorite singers are Burl Ives and Grimes, and my favorite rock bands are Nirvana and Modest Mouse. My hobbies are painting, writing, watching pro golf, dancing and sex, sex and more sex. I'm a very bi switch. I love bondage whether I'm submissive or dominant, and I have a pain fetish. That's why hard spanking and anal are my biggest turn-ons." Since Halloween is approaching, we ask kinky and immodest Carmen if she's ever had a scary sexcapade. "During a threesome with two guys," she recalls, "the bed broke, and we fell through a second-story ceiling." *—Photos by Chuck Mahalos*

"My fantasy is being dominated by a guy and girl in a dungeon."

NEVEAH

"I wish to appear nude in HUSTLER because it's a major magazine and has a great history," declares Neveah, 29, a stripper from Flint, Michigan. "I hope the readers like what they see." She's up for revealing her 5-foot-9 body and the whole nine yards: "I can be an introvert at times, and in some ways I'm more like a guy than a girl, I've been told. My favorite movies are *Fight Club* and *Reservoir Dogs*, my favorite TV show of all time is *Dexter*, and I love anything to do with water—swimming, sailing, nude beaches, you name it." Neveah also digs rock music (namely Atreyu, The Used, Fall Out Boy and Green Day) and humanity's most gratifying pastime: "I've had sex with women, but men are definitely what I prefer. I know how to cater to their wants and needs, and I know what gets me off, so I have no issues asking a partner for it. I love everything, doggy-style most of all." Is Neveah an anal fan too? "Hell, yes!" she howls. "For some reason I get off really easily that way." Our Halloween cowgirl seems keen on being simultaneously poked by more than one hombre: "My sexual fantasy is a scenario with a lot of guys and me. I guess you could say gangbang, but a respectful gangbang." —*Photos by Ron Neumann*

DAISY SKY

Hailing from Benicia, California, 22-year-old Daisy Sky describes herself as a “down-to-earth, compassionate and amazingly real individual.” A recent college grad, she owns an animal sanctuary and owns up to her unabashed exhibitionism. “My body is a canvas, and I love showing it off, especially my ass,” the 4-foot-11 vegan avows. “It’s my best feature.” As for that fuzzy tuft nestled above her slit, Daisy explains, “Not shaving lets me remain sexually natural and stay connected to my womanhood.” What about amorous connections? “I’m a mysterious, sensual bisexual,” Daisy responds, “and there isn’t anything I won’t try at least once.” Echoing that mind-set are the Mumford & Sons lyrics adorning her right thigh: “Get over your hill and see what you find there, with grace in your heart and flowers in your hair.” Cheers! You’ve found Daisy Sky in all her naked glory! —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

“My body
is a canvas,
and I love
showing
it off.”

KANDI McCARTHY

"I'm sure my teachers at West High are so proud!" exclaims Kandi McCarthy, 43, from West Portsmouth, Ohio. "At least my male teachers." Twenty-five years after her graduation, we give the 5-foot-4 newcomer a pop quiz. Why did you want to be naked in HUSTLER? "This is the closest I've got to Larry Flynt," Kandi replies. "Come and get me, Larry!" That's an invitation to all our readers too, thanks to Kandi's occasional presence at the Moonlite BunnyRanch in northern Nevada. "It's my second family," she raves. It seems like a good time to bring up our favorite topic: "I'm totally bi," Kandi coos, "and my absolute biggest turn-on is being bent over the bed and getting it from behind." Any special talents worth mentioning, Ms. McCarthy? "I can pluck a dollar bill off a guy's face with my vagina," the *Two and a Half Men* fan boasts. How about a fantasy or two? "Going to a crowded professional ball game wearing a miniskirt and secretly pulling my panties aside to sit on my date's cock. I'd also like to have two guys at once; I'm still a virgin for that." *—Photos by Friend*

Twitter: @KandiSueMcCart1

"I love being bent over the bed and getting it from behind!"

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* showcase wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a 12-issue subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM

To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible COLOR PHOTOCOPY of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth Model's Social Security number Occupation

Telephone (include area code) Personal e-mail address

Address

City State Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide this release) Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $250 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

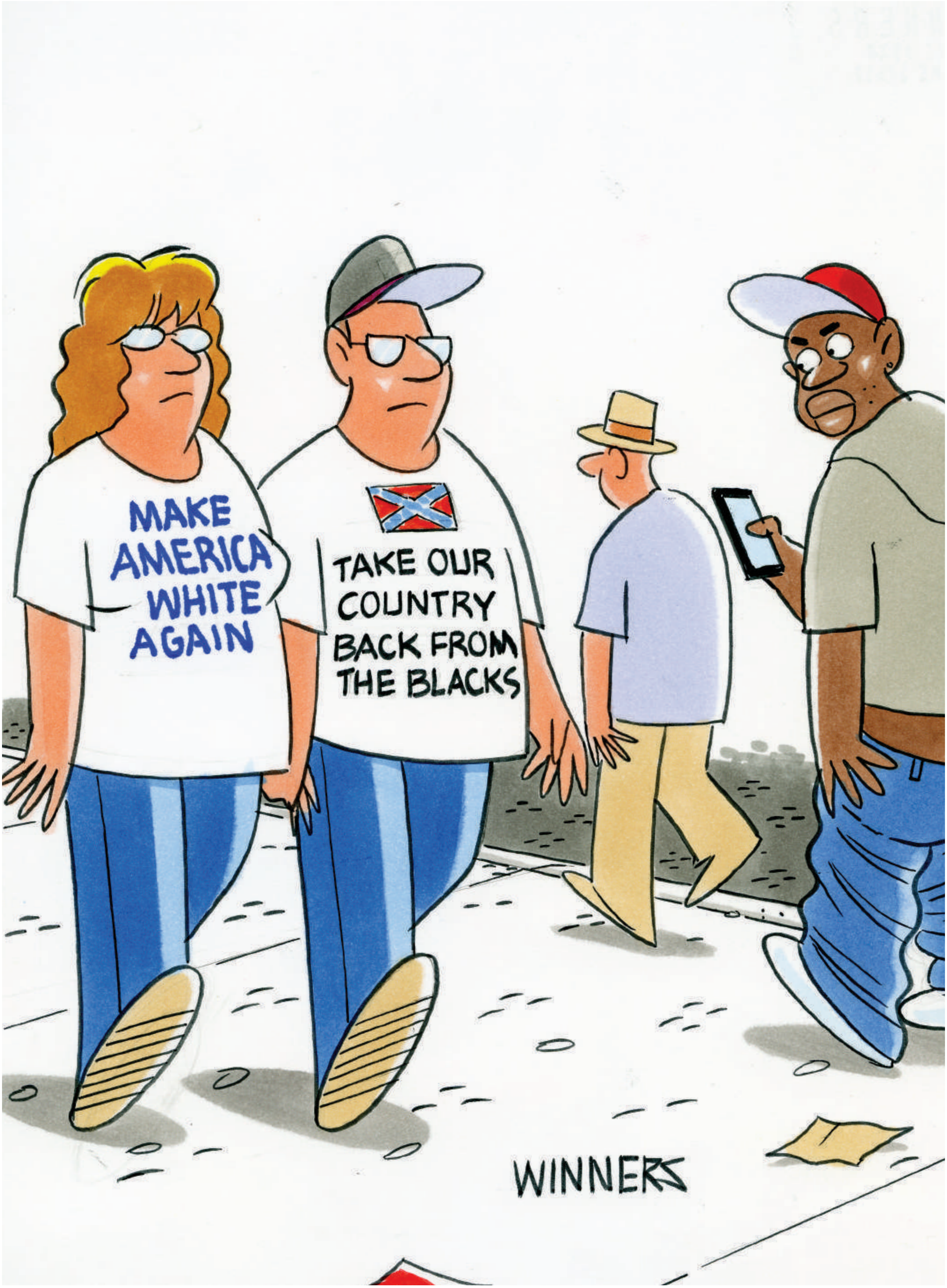
AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER:

(PRINT NAME, ADDRESS, TELEPHONE NUMBER OR EMAIL ADDRESS LEGIBLY IN BLOCK LETTERS)

I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights, including the copyrights, in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in HUSTLER Magazine. If any Image(s) so submitted are published in HUSTLER Magazine, and are posted on the BeaverHunt.com Internet Web site operated by LFP Internet Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, then I hereby grant worldwide reproduction, exhibition and display rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, published or posted, including the right to alter or edit said Images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns.

Photographer's legal signature Date (month/date/year)

Note: Payment sent to model only.


MAKE AMERICA WHITE AGAIN
TAKE OUR COUNTRY BACK FROM THE BLACKS
WINNERS

LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CASINO
SM
LOS ANGELES
You don't have to go to Vegas to gamble.

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800

Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 04.12.10

HORNY BIKER BABES

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
HUSTLER VIDEO

HUSTLER
HUSTLER

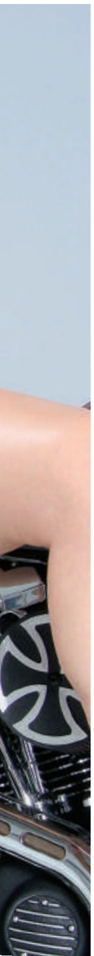
PHOENIX MARIE

MASON MOORE

It's no myth. There really are tattooed beauties dedicated to pursuing the perfect ride—and orgasm after gear-grinding orgasm. In the middle of the road or in back of the shop, these ladies know exactly what they want. More. Harder. Faster. Now! Sexual freedom feels fucking amazing!

CHLOE CHANEL

TORI BLACK & BOBBI STARR



To order *Horny Biker Babes*, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

BRIDGETTE B.

SAMANTHA

DEVIL WOMAN

HUSTLER CLASSIC
NOVEMBER 1981

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

Deep in the heart of darkness, Samantha rules the world of passions. Scarcely a soul has escaped the soft but unyielding chains of her control. Once she lures you into her domain, she commands you to touch her bare flesh, which tingles with an eerie coolness. She opens her body for your pleasure while you give yourself over—body and soul—to her exotic fragrance and texture. When the seeds of your passion spill, you'll become another one of her victims. Once you have entered Samantha's world of sensual, unearthly delights, your own world will never be the same.

Coming SOON

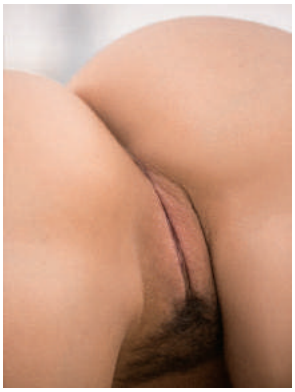
THE NOVEMBER ISSUE GOES ON SALE AUGUST 30, 2016 | VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

BRETT ROSSI

The stunningly beautiful porn star opens her heart to describe her love for Charlie Sheen, their brutal breakup and her thriving career in hardcore.

A BETTER, WETTER, TIGHTER PUSSY

Stronger, more powerful orgasms and a beautiful, youthful, tight-lipped coochie. Ladies, all this is within your reach, without surgery or downtime! Discover the magic of temperature-controlled radiofrequency in our exclusive interview with Harold Lancer, M.D., F.A.A.D., doctor to the stars.



THREE-HOLE PUNCH

When fuck-starved gal pals take over campus, they school students and teachers alike on the ins and outs of advanced gangbangs. Get an education in ecstasy, a master's degree in orgies.

SARAH
HIGHLIGHT

HUSTLER®
LARRY FLYNT
FOR
PRESIDENT
Get HUSTLER gear
hustlerhollywood.com

HUSTLER®

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration/Associate Publisher*
Christopher Woodward *Executive Vice-President*

Anne Denbok *Editorial Director*
Andy Parker *Research Editor*
Amanda Ferguson *Associate Editor*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*

ART & DESIGN
Kelly Webb *Art Director*
Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Freelance Editorial Writer & Designer*

TALENT
Sharman Rielly *Talent Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or email talent@LFP.com.

RECORDS & ARCHIVES
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

NETWORK SYSTEMS
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

PRODUCTION
Gina J. Lee *Production Director*
Shannon Poe *Production Coordinator*

ADVERTISING
Mickey Puyda *National Sales Consultant*
323-951-7907, HustlerAdSales@lfp.com
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

SUBSCRIPTIONS CUSTOMER SERVICE: *800-566-5760*
HustlerSub.com
Gerry Awang *Consultant, Circulation & Distribution*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 43, No. 5, October 2016. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in August by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2016 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 800-566-5760. A one-year subscription is $44.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is July 12, 2016.

Cover photo by Tammy Sands
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE